

THE PERIOD OF
DISCOVERY



Statue of Columbus at Madrid.

American Historical Readers

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

BY

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AND

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TO
OUR ESTEEMED FRIEND
F. A. Y.
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED

FOREWORD

That the introduction to the study of history should be chiefly biographical and in story form, is a sound principle which has received the approval of many leading educational authorities and has been accepted widely as correct pedagogical practice.

The authors of this reader have applied this principle in a skillful, concrete way and have made the work especially valuable and attractive to youthful readers. The boy characters give a vividness to the stories which could be secured in no other manner. The plan of combining the grade work in history and civics will be welcomed by teachers who have long felt the need of such an arrangement.

FRANK ALFRED YOUNG, Ph.D.

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The Bronx, New York City.

PREFACE

The American Historical Reader has been planned on lines of advanced psychology to meet the requirements of the fifth year in the study of history and civics.

The authors have designed the book to meet the new conditions in the course of study. The stories which are told in easy, fictional form inculcate the essentials of history and civics for the fifth year. In addition, the verse which has been quoted teaches the required ethical lessons of the grade and makes the book more interesting to the pupil. Up to the present, this feature which is of great value, has been neglected in the historical readers written for public schools. The volume, therefore, has the three-fold advantage of meeting in the most interesting manner, the requirements in history, civics, and ethical lessons.

While the stories are in the form of fiction, they are based strictly upon fact and are shaped as closely to the actual as diligent and careful research could accomplish. The most accurate writings form the basis of the stories and the matter for the description of character, dress, and customs, has been drawn from the most reliable sources.

The Reader conforms closely with the latest revision of the course in history and is also in accord with the New York State Regents' *Syllabus of History*.

PREFACE

The authors wish to extend thanks to Dr. Frank A. Young, whose advice and suggestion shaped the plan and scope of our work and to Miss Katherine Richardson, who rendered great assistance in the reading and correction of the manuscript.

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PART I
AMERICAN HISTORY

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

AMERICA

I.

My country! 't is of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2.

My native country, thee —
Land of the noble free —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees.
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4.

Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith

THE COMING OF LEIF THE SON OF ERIC

1000 A. D.

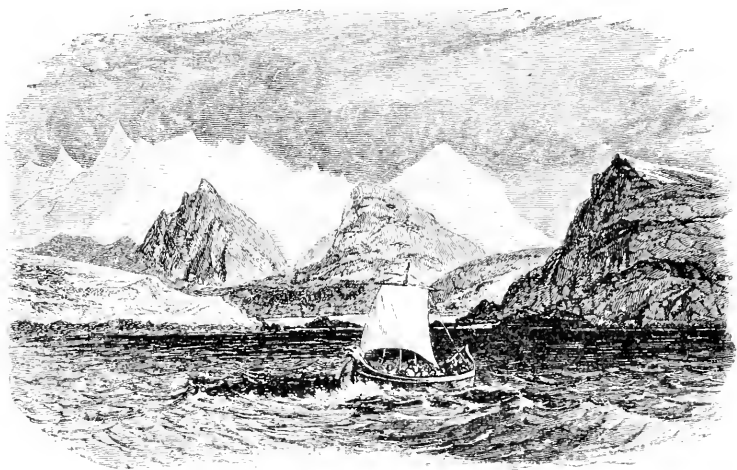
ALL was noise and excitement. The air was filled with the sounds of preparation and the clink-clank of armor as the Norsemen moved about on the shores of Greenland's bay. Great, tall men were they, with eyes of blue, and flaxen hair. As they strode along the beach dressed in their heavy helmets of iron and coats of mail and carrying long, sharp swords at their sides, they seemed like great, strong giants ready for war. They were brave men who knew no fear.

As Oscar Thorsen, a young Norse boy, stood watching the men hurrying along the shore, he felt very proud for Oscar's father had told him how his ancestors, the Vikings, had sailed the wintry seas of the North. He had read in the "Sagas," which were the Norse histories, that his fathers had been conquerors on England's shore and on the far off coast of France. He also remembered the long voyage from his old home in Iceland across the stormy ocean to Greenland. When he thought of these wonderful things, he felt very proud. He was very proud, too, for another reason.

Leif the Son of Eric the Red, the great king of Greenland, had told Oscar's father and the other Norsemen about

a wonderful land lying far away in the West. Like true, brave Norsemen, they had promised to go in search of the new country even though they might perish on the stormy waters and never get back to their homes again.

"Father," said Oscar when his father had told him about



The Discovery of Greenland

the expedition, "please let me go, too. I am fifteen years old and I am big and strong and can handle an oar now like a man. See my muscles." Oscar rolled up his sleeves just as boys do nowadays to show their strong arms.

"Yes, my son, you are strong," replied his father, "but you need more than courage. The dangers are great and death is always near."

"I can be brave," answered Oscar; "I am a Norseman, just like you. A Norseman is never afraid."

When the brave boy said this, his father patted him on the shoulder and said, "I shall ask Leif, the Son of Eric, who is commander, whether you may go with us."

Great was Oscar's joy when the leader, Leif, told him he might join the expedition.

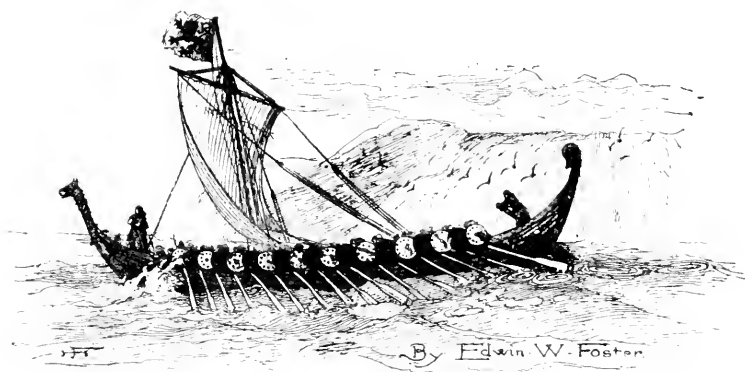


The Viking Ship

Many days had passed during which Oscar worked hard carrying provisions to the boat and helping the men in their preparations. They were to sail many, many days and had to have plenty to eat and drink. But now, at last, everything was ready. As Oscar stood watching the boat riding calmly on the water and the men hurrying about on the shore, he said aloud, "Oh, I am so glad that I can go, too!"

The sun shone high over the frozen hills of Greenland when Leif the Son of Eric and his thirty-five followers,

including Oscar, embarked on their sturdy ship. This occurred about the year 1000 A. D., and their boat was not at all like the great ships that cross the oceans to-day. It looked like a great round-bottom rowboat and was about seventy-seven feet long. It was built very strongly of planks, placed on one another just like the shingles of a house. Inside it was made stronger with ribs of wood,



A Viking Ship Under Oars and Sail

fastened together with the fibers of roots found in Iceland and Greenland. Though this boat could sail through the severe storms of the Atlantic it was very light and could ride in water as shallow as four feet. The bow rose very high and was adorned with the head of a dragon, painted in many bright colors. The faces of strange sea animals were carved on the stern which was as high as the bow. The boat was rowed with great oars twenty feet long.

Oscar sat in the bow of the boat. His gaze wandered to the people on the shore who were waving good-by. As the land slipped farther and farther away he wondered if he would ever return. He heard the ripple of the waves against the prow of the boat and the splish-splash of the oars in the water. Then he looked down the boat and saw the broad backs of the sailors as they bent to the oars. He saw his leader, Leif the Son of Eric,— a big, brave man — using the long flat oar or “steer-board,” guiding the boat. Oscar knew that all would be well, with such a great leader and such brave men.

Far out into the Atlantic Ocean did they row, the sailors taking turns at the oars. When the wind came up, Leif ordered the oars taken in.

“Raise the sail,” he commanded.

“Ay! ay!” called the men cheerily for they loved their leader.

Quickly the Norsemen worked and in a few minutes a single, large, square sail was fluttering from the mast in the middle of the boat. With the sail up, the Viking ship looked very much like the craft of the Chinese.

The breeze blew steadily and then the sailors rested. The long days were spent in looking for signs of the new land. Oscar would often sit in the bow of the boat, gazing with eager eyes for the outline of the new coast. He loved the strong wind and the smell of the salty sea and the deep roll of the boat on the waves. He was a true Norseman sailor and he delighted to listen to the tales his elders told. At night when the stars seemed low on the ocean he loved to listen to the song of the sailors:

Hurrah for the Norseman bold
As he sails o'er the ocean deep!
Hurrah for the Vikings bold
Who command where the storm clouds sweep!

Oscar would sing, too, the deep-voiced songs of Iceland.

Leif the Son of Eric steered the vessel on a straight-southwest course. One evening Oscar saw far ahead in the distance a long, low, black line.

"Land! Land!" he cried in great excitement and he pointed to the far-off coast. Sure enough, there in the distance was the dark outline of a strange country. Great was the joy of Leif and his Norse sailors. They had not sailed in vain. When they beached their boat on the shore of the newly-found coast, no flowers waved a welcome. No trees nodded greeting. Great, flat stones raised their heads from the rocky land.

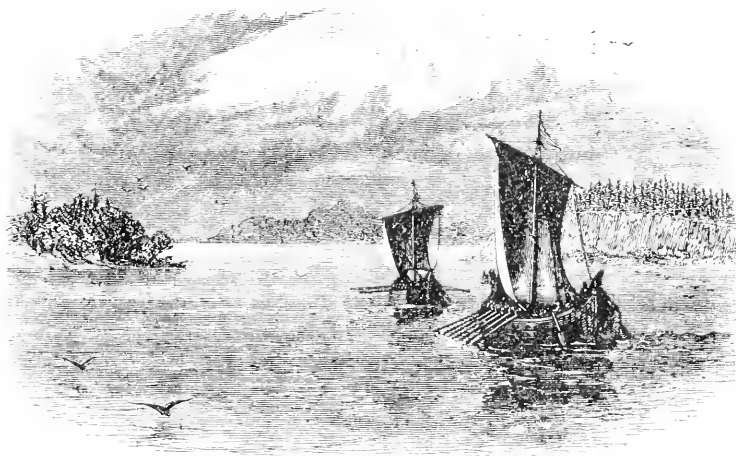
The Norsemen landed and soon Oscar and the sailors were exploring the country. When Leif the Son of Eric beheld the nature of the place, he called his men together and said in a loud voice, "Henceforth, let this land be called Helluland."

Thus the new country was called "Helluland," or "Country of Slates" because of the flat stones which were found there. People now think that "Helluland" was really the rocky coast of Labrador.

When the Norsemen had explored the land, Leif the Son of Eric called them together in council. "Comrades," he said, "we have discovered strange shores but our search

should not end here. Let us continue to sail along the coast."

The men thought this a good plan and soon all were embarked again in their ship. Oscar was delighted with the new country. He watched eagerly the changing coast as the Viking ship sailed along close to the shore. Finally they came to the most beautiful land Oscar had ever seen. In



Northmen Exploring the New England Coast

Iceland and Greenland the only trees he had beheld were small, stunted birch trees. Here there were many flowers, tall bushes with colored blossoms, and sweet-smelling woods. This country was perhaps the land of Nova Scotia. Leif the Son of Eric named it "Markland" which means "Woodland."

Still further down the coast sailed the Norsemen until they came to what probably is now Massachusetts or Rhode

Island. Thus were the Norsemen the first white men to reach the shores of America.

Here Leif the Son of Eric landed and divided his men into two parties to explore the country. While one half was away, the rest of the men stayed near the ship and there built huts in which to live.

On one of these expeditions into the country, Oscar went with his father and the other men of the party. They traveled through the deep woods and wondered at the beautiful things they saw.

"What are those round, purple things?" asked Oscar as he found a vine loaded with large berries growing on a tree trunk.

"I don't know," answered his father. "Perhaps they are good to eat." He bit into one and found it the sweetest fruit he had ever tasted.

"Try some," he said to the others and when they tasted the fruit they all were delighted with the strange berries. The fruit which they thought were berries were juicy wild grapes.

When Leif the Son of Eric heard of this pleasant discovery and because the land abounded in grapes, he called the country "Vinland."

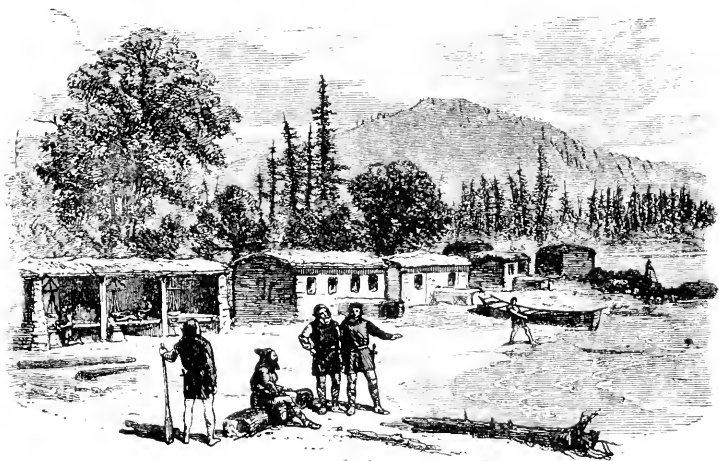
With the passing of winter and the coming of spring, Oscar's father called him to his hut.

"Make ready, Oscar, to return home," he said. "Last night our leader, Leif, decided to begin our journey back to Greenland. To-morrow we sail."

Oscar was sad to think of leaving the beautiful new

country. Yet he wanted to see the shores of Greenland once again. And so they sailed away.

Bidding farewell to the shores of Vinland, Leif and his Norsemen sailed over the Atlantic back to Greenland. On the voyage homeward, their leader saved fifteen men from shipwreck, and because of this happy deed the men called



Leif's Settlement

him Leif the Lucky. Even to this day do we read in history of Leif the Lucky.

Oscar was glad to be home at last. But he loved the sea and longed to sail away again. So once more he set out for the West. By this time Leif had become King of Greenland; and Thorwald, his brother, was in command. They made Oscar the guide because he knew the way. He directed them to the huts built by Leif and his father. It

was on this expedition that the Norsemen first saw any inhabitants. They were tall copper-colored natives with straight black hair and large cheek bones. The Norsemen called them "Skraelings," a term of reproach because they were not Norsemen.

A quarrel took place between the Norsemen and the "Skraelings"; and Thorwald, the leader, was killed. When he was dying he said: "Bury me here on these shores, here where I had hoped to build myself a home. You, my faithful men, return to Greenland."

Sadly the Norsemen placed a cross over the grave of their dead leader, left the shores of North America, and steered for Greenland.

Oscar sailed the northern seas for many years. When he could no longer pull the heavy oar, he used to spend the long winter evenings telling his children the story of Leif the Lucky and his expedition to Vinland.

A SONG OF THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep
What matter? I should ride and sleep.

I love (Oh! how I love) to ride
On the fiercely foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,

Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was and is to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

Bryan Waller Procter

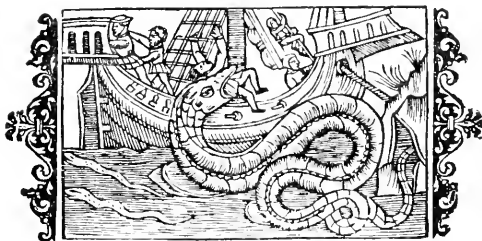
COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA

1492

IN a street of Palos, in the year 1492, two sailors stood talking. They were dressed in doublet and hose. Long pointed shoes were on their feet. Their hair hung in ringlets upon their shoulders. Slender swords were in their belts. Their language was Spanish.

"I, for one, will not go. No, not even at the King's command," said the one with purple cloak and flaxen hair.

"Fie! fie! Think of our gracious Queen Isabella," exclaimed the other who wore a doublet of green and yellow. "She has sold all her jewels to fit out the ships."



The Sea of Darkness

"I care not," answered the first sailor. "This is all madness. Who is this Christopher Columbus? A native of Genoa, Italy, a sea-captain with crazy ideas. He asked Venice for help. He went first to England and now he

comes to Spain seeking assistance. He says the world is round and he knows a quicker route to India by sailing west."

"Well, cannot that be possible?" asked the second.

"Possible? No. It is foolish. Why, if he sails that way he will come to the end of the world and drop off," said his friend. "But what is worse, great monsters live in the ocean. They will devour his ships. Besides there are places where the water is so hot it boils. I will not join his crew. I should never come back."

"You are wrong," spoke the sailor in doublet of green and yellow. "I think Columbus is right. He will find India. I am going to join his ship. I am not afraid."

"All right, Fernando Andrea. You can go. I shall stay at home."

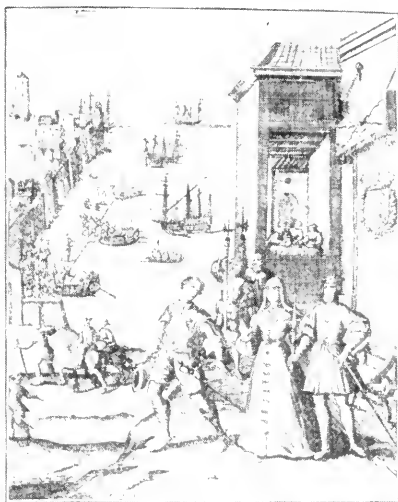
"Good-by. I am going down to the quay to see the ships," replied Fernando as he left his friend. He walked down the narrow street of Palos to the wharves.

Out from the dock Fernando saw three ships riding at anchor. The largest ship had the flag of Columbus at its mast. It was a high wooden vessel whose deck was low at the center. At the stern it had a second deck or poop which was much higher than the rest of the boat. Its bowsprit was set at a sharp angle, pointing high toward the heavens. This ship was the "Santa Maria." The other two boats were much smaller. They had no second deck and they were called caravels. Their names were the "Pinta" and the "Niña."

As Fernando stood watching the fleet, a tall well-built

man came to the wharf. His face was long, his nose sharp, and his complexion very clear. His hair was very gray, and care seemed to sadden his countenance.

Fernando came up to him and said: "Sir, I know you are Christopher Columbus. I heard you needed sailors for your ships. I should like to sail with you. My name is Fernando Andrea."



Columbus Bidding Farewell to Ferdinand and Isabella

The face of Columbus, for it was he, lighted up with joy.

"My son," he said in a tone of sorrow, "I do need men. To-morrow I sail to find a new way to India. Yet men are so afraid. The only men I can get are released criminals who are forced to go with me. I am glad I have found another brave man. You are most welcome. You shall be an officer on my ship, the 'Santa Maria.'"

On the following day, August 3rd, 1492, the Santa Maria, the Niña and the Pinta lifted their wide, pointed sails with the Spanish cross upon them and left the harbor of Palos. The people who saw them go muttered, "Foolish, foolish. They will never return. They will fall off the earth."

But Columbus stood on the high deck of his ship and looked toward the West. "At last," he exclaimed in joy, "we are on our way to India. Hard indeed has been the fight. Neither Venice nor Italy nor England would help me. Now when I find India with its gold and jewels which Marco Polo wrote about, I shall pour the riches into the coffers of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. I am sure I shall succeed."

But the crew of the Santa Maria were not sure of success. When the ships left the Canary Islands on September 6th and no land was to be seen anywhere, the sailors grew mutinous. They were ignorant men who were forced against their will to go on the journey.

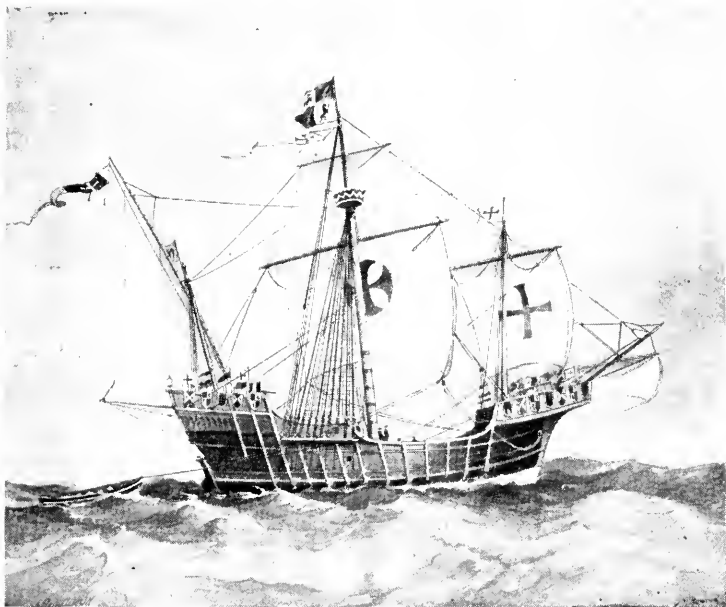
"We shall surely die," they muttered; "our Admiral is crazy. We can never reach India. If we do, adverse winds will not let us return."

They sailed on and on, and day after day slipped by with no land in sight; the sailors' fears grew worse. Some wanted to murder Columbus and return home. Fernando tried to quell their fears but they would not listen to him.

One day when Fernando was at the steering-wheel, he noticed the needle of the compass was acting strangely. It pointed now to the Northwest instead of in the usual direc-

tion which was toward the North. He was greatly frightened. The compass was their only guide. In alarm he called Columbus.

"Sir," cried Fernando, "the compass is acting queerly.



Columbus' Flagship, the "Santa Maria"

We are lost. Our only guide has forsaken us. What shall I do?"

The face of Columbus grew pale with fear. Even he did not understand. But he was a hero, brave and true.

"Sail on," he said. "Sail on. God protects the brave."

Saying nothing about the compass, Columbus called his mutinous sailors together. He told them not to fear.

"Soon we shall see land," he said. The men grew confident and lost their fears.

Columbus spoke truly. After ten long weeks of sailing, the men of the Santa Maria beheld some birds which do not fly far from land. The air grew warm and balmy, and one day they picked up a paddle which had been carved from a tree and the next day a branch of red berries floated by.

Eagerly the sailors watched for land. On the evening of October 12th, 1492, a sailor on the Pinta saw in the distance a long, low, black line. "Land, land!" he cried and the thrilling cry passed from sailor to sailor, "Land, land!"

When day came, Columbus and his men saw a wonderful sight. Before their eyes stretched a land of green woods and beautiful flowers. The air was heavy with perfume. Bright-colored birds flew from tree to tree and sang sweet songs. It seemed like a paradise to the Spanish sailors.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Fernando as they watched from the side of the ship, "what queer-looking creatures!" There on the shore stood tall copper-colored natives. Long feathers were on their heads, and their naked bodies were painted in bright colors. They seemed frightened at the sight of the ships with their large white sails.

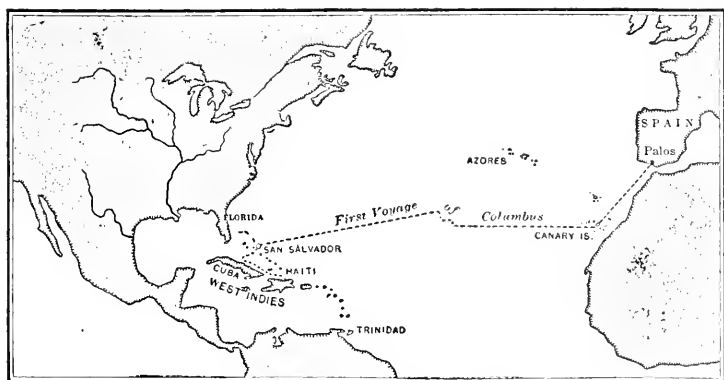
"They are Indians," said Columbus, for he thought that he had reached India.

Dressed in a cloak of scarlet and carrying the yellow banner of Spain, Columbus set foot on the New World. His men followed, clad in armor of shining steel; they planted a cross on the sand. Kneeling before it the sailors sang hymns of thanksgiving.

Drawing his sword, Columbus struck the ground with it. "In the name of their Majesties, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain, I take this land. It shall be called 'San Salvador.'"

Thus was America discovered. But Columbus did not know that it was a new world.

The island of San Salvador lies off the continent of North America. Columbus thought it was an island north of China.



The First Voyage of Columbus

Fernando and the other sailors explored the new country. Everywhere they found bright-colored flowers and fine fruit. The natives were very friendly and traded parrots and fruit for the sailors' trinkets.

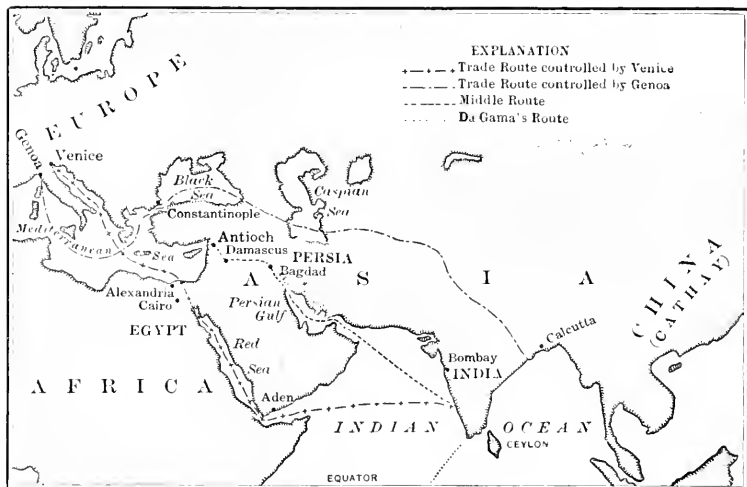
But they did not find the gold and silver and diamonds which Marco Polo had written about.

"We must sail south," said Columbus, "and then we will come to China. There I shall present King Ferdinand's

letter to the Emperor." For Columbus had a letter from his King to Kublai Khan, the Emperor of China.

Sailing south, Columbus discovered the islands of Cuba and Haiti and called them the West Indies.

A serious accident happened on Christmas morning. When the sailors were asleep the wind drove the Santa



Routes to the Orient

Maria high upon a sand-bar off the coast of Haiti. The sailors worked hard, but the ship would not budge. The ship could not stand the force of the dashing waves and soon it was a total wreck. If the other ships perished like the Santa Maria they would not be able to return to Spain.

Columbus decided to sail for home, for he wished to tell the people of this wonderful land in the West. Two small

ships could not hold his men, so forty remained behind in huts built from the timber of the wrecked boat.

Fernando returned with Columbus. On March 15th they arrived at Palos, and soon the news of the arrival of Columbus spread throughout the land. The King and Queen bade him come to their court at Barcelona.

All at the court were eager to honor the hero. Soldiers in helmets with great battle-axes stood near the throne, where sat King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, beneath a rich canopy of gold. The Spanish people looked in wonder at the six Indians whom Columbus had brought with him. In their painted costumes and feathery headgear they looked very picturesque. In procession with them marched Fernando and the other sailors. Some carried beautiful live parrots and mackaws; others carried stuffed birds and animals; and some bore wonderful plants and fruit from the West Indies. Then came Columbus surrounded by the greatest nobles of Spain. Huzzas and loud cries of joy arose from the people as Columbus passed.

When Columbus reached the throne, he saluted the King and Queen and told them he had found India. Ferdinand and Isabella were so pleased that they had Columbus sit down in their presence. This was an honor, indeed!

Columbus described the lands which lay to the west and the King and Queen thanked him for his wonderful work. As a reward they promised to fit out another fleet so that Columbus might make new discoveries.

This new expedition was soon made ready and in September 1493, Columbus again left Spain for the West Indies.

He felt sure that he would find vast wealth. The fleet which he now commanded consisted of seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men who expected to become very rich.

When the explorers reached Haiti, Columbus could find no trace of the forty men whom he had left there when the *Santa Maria* was wrecked. Only the ruined fort remained.

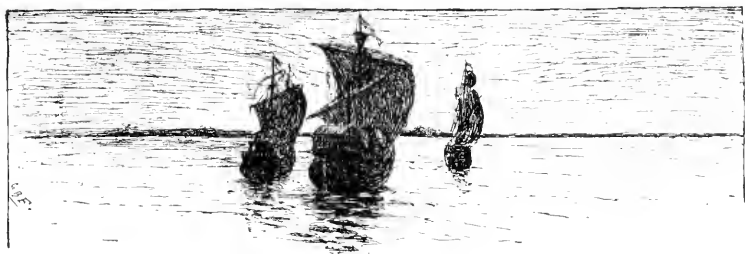
Three years passed by while Columbus explored the country and visited the neighboring islands. In all this time he could not find the rich cities of China. After he had made settlements in Cuba and Jamaica, he returned to Spain and told Queen Isabella about the work he had done. She was so pleased with his work that she made him Governor of the West Indies. In 1498 Columbus sailed on his third expedition to the New World. On this voyage he sailed farthest south and discovered the coast of South America.

When he reached Haiti, he found that the men were very quarrelsome and jealous of one another. Their quarrels and strife grew so great, that Columbus had a difficult time trying to make peace. During these troubles, Columbus was hated by some men who were his enemies. They carried stories to Spain, saying that Columbus was doing evil. The King listened to these reports and sent out officers who arrested Columbus and brought him to Spain in chains.

When he was thrown into prison, Queen Isabella quickly came to his aid and freed him from his chains. These days were filled with sorrow and trouble for Columbus, who was now an old man.

When Queen Isabella died, Columbus lost his greatest

friend. Columbus sailed again to the New World in 1502, but the expedition ended in failure. The men of Spain soon turned against him because they did not obtain the great stores of gold and silver which he had said they would find in the West Indies. On December 20th, 1506, Columbus died, disappointed and in want. He never knew that he had not found India. He proved that the world was round and discovered a greater country than India — a new continent which one day was to be “the land of the free and the home of the brave.”



COLUMBUS*

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, admiral; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek,
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my mates fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.

* Copyright, 1897, by the Whitaker & Ray Co.

Now speak, brave admiral; speak and say —”

He said, “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

“This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave admiral, say but one good word;

What shall we do when hope is gone?”

The words leapt as a leaping sword,

“Sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,

And peered through the darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —

A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag, unfurled!

It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave that world

Its grandest lesson: “On! and on!”

Joaquin Miller

AMERIGO VESPUCCI

1501

“I HAVE made four voyages to the new world,” said an Italian adventurer to himself one day about 1502. “I can describe the customs of the people whom I saw and the country I visited. I shall write to my friends for they will be pleased to hear about my travels.”

So Amerigo Vespucci, for that was the Italian's name,



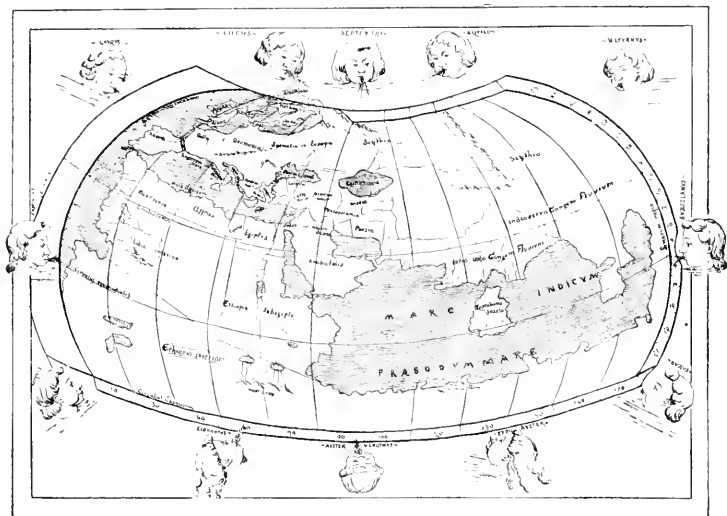
Amerigo Vespucci

wrote many letters to his friends. He was learned in map-drawing and geography and had sailed in 1499 from Spain with Ojeda. The ships sailed north along the coast of South America past the Amazon River to a country which Ojeda called Venezuela or little Venice. The explorers gave that country the name of Venezuela or little Venice because they beheld an Indian village of houses

built over the water, with the rivers for its streets just as they are in Venice. While in this country, Amerigo saw many other strange sights.

Again in 1501, he sailed south along the shores of South

America until he saw the Plata River. Amerigo made three other voyages; and when he began to write, he told about these voyages and the wonderful things he had seen. He could write very well, and the stories that he told were very interesting. He wrote that he was sure the new country was larger than Africa or Asia.



Early Fifteenth Century Map of the World

The people liked his letters so well that soon they were printed in many languages and people everywhere were reading of Amerigo's adventures. Many people heard about the wonderful voyage of Columbus, but Columbus was too busy to write stories about his travels and so the people learned more about Amerigo.

So pleased were they all with the stories written by

Amerigo that when the learned men of Europe drew a map of the world they said: "Let us call the new country America for Amerigo has found a new continent."

The map which they drew was a very strange one and not at all like our maps of the world. The people thought that the West Indies were a part of Asia. So when they drew their maps they located the new country near Asia.

But soon the explorers brought back the news that the new land was much larger than the people at that time thought. The voyagers said that it was not really an island but a great wide land like Africa. Later on they discovered that there were two continents. So when Mercator, the famous map-maker, designed his new map of the world, he drew the picture of two continents and named them America after Amerigo.

Thus this country was called America in honor of Amerigo Vespucci whose stories made the New World so well known to the people of Europe.

OUR COUNTRY AND FLAG

Hail, brightest banner that floats on the gale!
Flag of the country of Washington, hail!
Red are thy stripes with the blood of the brave;
Bright are thy stars as the sun on the wave;
Wrapt in thy folds are the hopes of the free.
Banner of Washington! blessings on thee!

William E. Robinson

THE VOYAGES OF JOHN AND SEBASTIAN CABOT

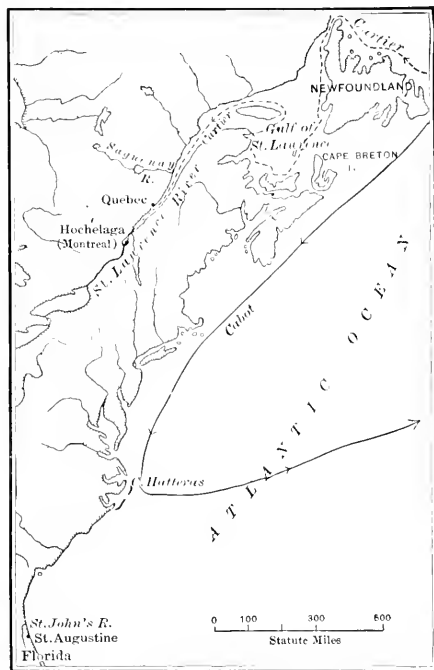
1497

THE harbor of Bristol, England, was dotted with many ships of trade. Of all England, Bristol was at that time the busiest port. From Bristol, ships sailed on long cruises to the Mediterranean, to India, and far north to Norway. Returning, they brought home spices, silk, and various articles to be sold in the busy markets of England. To this port, too, came the best mariners of all Europe, seeking to sail on the long, dangerous voyages. As you look at the sunburned faces of the sailors hastening up and down the streets of the town, you can see fair-haired sailors from Norway, blue-eyed English mariners, swarthy seamen from Venice and Genoa, and even dark-skinned Arabs dressed in turban and flowing gown.

Up from the landing came two sailors, talking earnestly. The elder was of dark countenance, with black hair and a long sharp nose; while the younger, a youth of twenty, closely resembled the other in feature and appearance. The language they spoke was Italian.

"No, my son," spoke the elder sailor, "I am not surprised that Columbus has found India. When Christopher Columbus's brother, Bartholomew, was in England seeking

help for Christopher, I met him here in Bristol and he told me of his brother's plans. I knew that Columbus would succeed for I, too, have long believed the world to be round and that a passage to India can be found by sailing west.



The Discoveries of Cabot and Cartier

When our own country, Italy, would not help me, I appealed to the King of England for ships but as yet I have received no word from him. Perhaps the news that Columbus has found India will rouse the King. If he helps us, Sebastian, you and I shall share in the glory of great discoveries."

The old mariner's words about the effect of the news of Columbus's great discovery, were true and the next day he was summoned to the court of King Henry VII of England.

"John Cabot," said the King, reading from a paper, "you have asked for England's help to sail on a voyage of discovery to India. The King hereby gives you permission to sail to the east, west, or north with five ships carrying the English flag to seek all the islands, countries, regions, or provinces of pagans in whatever part of the world. But in sailing do not sail to the south, lest you give offence to our gracious friend, the King of Spain."

"I thank your kind Majesty," replied John Cabot as he knelt to receive his commission which the King handed him. "I shall strive to find a new route to China for your Majesty."

When Cabot made preparations for the voyage, he found that, while the King promised five vessels, he could obtain only a single, small ship, named the "Matthew." It was a tiny boat in which to attempt to cross the Atlantic, but Cabot had won fame because of his great daring on voyages north to Norway and he was glad to get even one boat for his expedition.

With his son, Sebastian, and a crew of eighteen, John Cabot sailed in May 1497, from Bristol.

"If Columbus," said Cabot to his son, "reached India by sailing south, we shall try a northern or northwestern route which perhaps will bring us to the shores of China."

With this idea in mind, Cabot sailed in a northwesterly direction from England. Severe storms swept the Atlantic

and tossed his little craft about and many times the gales blew the "Matthew" from its course. After a voyage of two months Cabot and his little crew reached the coast of Labrador.

"What a barren place!" exclaimed Sebastian to his father, "surely China cannot be so rocky and so wild. But look! The fish! Why, there are thousands swimming about the boat!"

While the sailors were very much disappointed with the deserted shores of Labrador, they were amazed at the number of fish which filled the waters. Journeying down the coast, they beheld great schools of cod, and mackerel, and herring.

Cabot was grieved at finding no cities, and after landing on the coast and claiming the country in the name of King Henry VII of England, he set sail on the return voyage to England and arrived once more in the harbor of Bristol.

When Cabot informed the King that he had discovered China and claimed it for England, Henry VII was greatly pleased.

"You have made a wonderful journey," said the King, "and as a reward for your valor I here present you with the sum of fifty dollars. Henceforth, you shall be paid one hundred dollars a year as long as you live."

Now, while this reward would seem very little to-day, it really was of considerable value, for during the days of Henry VII a golden dollar was worth much more than it is to-day.

Cabot was very grateful to the King, and the next year

he again set out with a fleet of five ships. This time he changed his course and pointed his ships toward the Southwest, thinking in this way he would reach China.

But though they came to the continent of North America, the English seamen found no flourishing towns nor wealthy cities. Still hoping to find them, they sailed slowly down the coast as far as Virginia. Anxiously the sailors gazed



Part of Sebastian Cabot's Map of 1544

about. They were delighted with the beautiful trees and flowers and birds but disappointed not to find the teeming treasures of China. When, at length, some weeks had been spent in exploration, Cabot and his ships returned to England.

The work of John Cabot was continued by his son Sebastian, who made many voyages to the New World but each time returned with no gold. Soon the people lost interest in the discovery made by the Cabots and for over a hundred years no voyages were made by English sailors to

America. But many years later the work of John and Sebastian Cabot proved of great value to England. On account of their voyages, England in later times claimed that the land of North America belonged to the English nation because under its flag the Cabots had made their discoveries.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies:
On Him we wait.
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

John Sullivan Dwight

PONCE DE LEÓN

1513

“Ah! if I could but be young again! When I came to these shores with Columbus in 1493, I felt the power of youth in my limbs. Now I am getting stiff with old age.”

Thus spoke the gray-haired warrior. The weight of fifty years rested upon him. He was the governor of the island of Porto Rico which lies in the West Indies. When sailing one day from Haiti, he had visited this island with its green-covered hills and rich valleys. When the Indians told him that he might find gold there, he resolved to stay. He was severe and cruel, and soon he had conquered the Indians and made himself governor of the island. This gray-haired warrior's name was Ponce de León.

He was sad now because he was so old. He wished to be young again and as he sat in his chair, he spoke his thoughts aloud: “Ah! if I could only be young again!”

An old, wrinkled Indian servant, who was working nearby stopped when he heard Ponce de León's words.

“Do you wish to be young again?” asked the old Indian.

“Ah!” answered the warrior. “I would give half my treasures to feel once more the fire of youth.”

“Perhaps I can help you,” said the Indian servant. “My father told me, and his father told him, that afar off to the

North there is a magic fountain and from it flows a river wherein all who bathe are made young again."

As the Indian spoke these words, the eyes of De León kindled with excitement. A flush of joy came upon his cheeks.

"Will that fountain," he questioned anxiously, "will that fountain make me young once more?"

"Yes," said the servant. "That is what my father told me years ago."

Ponce de León rose from his chair. He was of large build and strong in every muscle. He closed his fist in determination and said: "I shall search until I find that spring. Then shall I be a youth once more."

Busily De León and his men worked and soon an expedition was made ready for the journey. All the sailors were as eager as their leader to find the Fountain of Youth. In 1513 De León sailed from Porto Rico in search of the magic waters that would bring back to his body his lost youth.

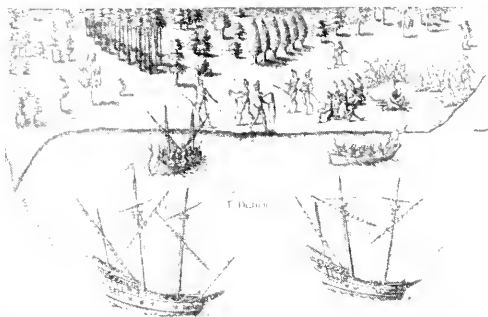
The journey was to the North as the old Indian servant had directed. Soon Ponce de León came to the Bahama Islands.

"Can you tell me where I can find the Fountain of Youth?" Ponce would always ask whenever the expedition stopped.

Each time the natives would answer that it was not far away but they could not direct him to the place where the Fountain of Youth gave forth its wonderful waters.

One day early in spring their ship sailed by the shores of a beautiful country. De León thought that the magic spring

might be found there. On Easter Sunday morning in 1513 Ponce de León and his Spanish sailors landed near what is now the city of St. Augustine. Large palm trees swayed their fan-like branches in the breeze that was sweet with the perfume of many flowers. Crimson and yellow and deep red flowers mingled their colors with the green of the everglades. Beautiful birds warbled sweet music in the trees from which hung hoary moss. Never had the sailors beheld such a beautiful country.



Landing in Florida

When he saw this wonderful sight, De León turned to his men and said: "To-day is Pascua Florida and we have found a new island. This land with its flowers and blossoms seems like our churches in Spain which at Pascua Florida are decked with flowers and green branches. So let us call this new land Florida."

Pascua Florida is the Spanish name for Flowery Easter and thus it was that Florida received its name.

Eagerly did he bathe in the waters which he hoped would

bring back his youth but the rivers and springs could not take away his old age. Vainly did he look for the Fountain of Youth. The waters were all the same; they could not bring back his youth. At last, disappointed, and still older and stiffer in his limbs, De León returned to Porto Rico.



The Old City Gate, St. Augustine

Ponce de León did not realize that he had discovered the mainland of North America. He thought Florida was an island. When the king of Spain, who was pleased with the discovery, made De León governor of Florida, Ponce resolved to return and conquer the natives there who had

been unfriendly. In 1521 he set sail again for Florida. The Indians fiercely attacked the Spaniards, and in a battle Ponce de León was mortally wounded. When he fell, De León knew that his life was nearly over and at his command his men brought him back to his home in Porto Rico. The stern warrior grew weaker and weaker. In a few months, Ponce de León died. His search for the Fountain of Youth was over.

Long years have passed since the days of De León, but the Fountain of Youth, like the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, has not been found.

A PSALM OF LIFE

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not the goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,— act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time,—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow

BALBOA DISCOVERS THE PACIFIC

1513

A BAND of Spanish soldiers were struggling through the thick forests of the Isthmus of Panama. Heavy branches of palm trees hung low in their paths, and vines and shrubs which were twined together in dense foliage hindered them and tripped their feet. The heat was terrific as the tropical sun beat down upon them, and the bloodhounds straining at their leash panted and rolled their eyes about in search of water. The clothes of the soldiers were stained with mud and torn by the brambles of the swamps they had passed through. As the soldiers plodded on, the weight of the guns and provisions which they carried on their backs seemed to grow heavier and heavier.

"Oh! my back is almost broken," exclaimed one of the soldiers to his companion. "I can't stand this much longer."

"Nor I either," said the other as he brushed his way through the bushes. "It seems to me a year since we left Darien and the Atlantic coast, while it is not quite a month since we started."

"Yes, that is true," replied his friend, "but these past few weeks have been terrible ones. Why, last night I heard our leader, Balboa, say that in the last four days we have

traveled only thirty miles. But let us cheer up. That big mountain in front of us is the last we must climb, for the Indian guides say that beyond it lies the great Western Sea, and to the South the land of gold and treasure."

Just then the war whoop of Indians was heard. With terrible yells, the savages sent their arrows singing into the



Vasco Nunez de Balboa

Spanish troops. There was great confusion as here and there a soldier fell wounded. Bang! Bang! spoke out the guns of the Spaniards. The Indians, terrified by the strange noise of the guns, turned and fled. Rushing to the attack, the Spanish soldiers soon scattered the Indians and took possession of the village which the natives had deserted in

their flight. The Spaniards were overjoyed when they found pieces of gold hidden in the houses of the village.

In this Indian village the soldiers rested and that night Balboa, who, as governor of Darien had set out with this force to find the Western Sea, called his men together.

"Fellow-soldiers," said Balboa, "between us and the vast sea which the Indians have told us about there lies this one peak. Early to-morrow I shall climb that mountain with a small number of men. The wounded and those who suffer from fatigue shall rest in this village until I command them to follow."

When he had finished speaking, he chose a small band of men and made preparations for the journey. At the first peep of dawn, September 26, 1513, Balboa and his picked men began the ascent of the mountain. As they struggled up the mountain, Balboa went on ahead alone. When he came to the summit, he beheld a glorious scene. The mountain on which he stood sloped down to the silvery shore of a boundless sea. As far as his eye could reach — north, west, and south — stretched the waters of a peaceful ocean upon whose heaving bosom gleamed the bright rays of the sun. At his cry of joy his men came running to him. As they gazed in wonder at the beautiful sight, Balboa exclaimed: "In the name of His Gracious Majesty, the King of Spain, I declare this ocean and all the lands washed by its waters to be his possessions." A large cross was erected to mark the place of discovery.

Balboa then returned to the Indian village. The next day he gathered his whole force together, crossed the moun-

tain and soon reached the shore of the ocean. As his followers stood with their Indian guides on the beach, Balboa with drawn sword in one hand and a banner of Spain in the other, walked into the water. The sun gleamed on his polished coat of mail and made his red hair, which hung in



Vasco Nunez de Balboa taking Possession of the Pacific Ocean

ringlets on his shoulders, seem golden. After striking the water with his sword, he raised the dripping blade towards heaven and in a solemn voice declared: "I claim this sea and all its islands and coasts to be the possessions of his Majesty, the King of Spain."

During the next five weeks Balboa explored the coast and

found that the Indians possessed golden trinkets and pearls of great value. Although Balboa's soldiers collected a large amount of gold from the natives, they longed for the great rich cities which the Indians said were toward the south.

In order to continue his voyage along the Pacific shore to the south, Balboa needed ships. He could not build them on the coast as he did not possess the necessary tools with which to construct them. So he returned to Darien and there he found a new governor who was jealous of Balboa's success.

Balboa tried not to listen to the false reports spread about him for his whole mind was set upon the building of his ships. In the shipyard on the Atlantic coast he had two boats built. But in order to get them across the Isthmus he was compelled to take them apart and have the pieces carried across the mountains on the backs of his men. This was a very severe task and took a great deal of time and patience. But Balboa, who was a leader of great will and strength, determined to succeed.

Finally the last piece of timber was carried across the Isthmus and the men were hammering the parts of the boat together. The two boats were almost completed when Balboa discovered that he needed more pitch and iron to caulk and strengthen the vessels.

"We cannot put to sea," said Balboa, "until we get more pitch and iron. I shall return to Darien to get the iron and pitch and then we'll continue our explorations toward the

south." When Balboa reached Darien, a company of soldiers met him and placed him under arrest.

"Why do you arrest me?" exclaimed Balboa in surprise.

"For treason," answered the captain of the guard.

"The Governor orders your arrest."

The governor of Darien and the men in power there were jealous of Balboa. In order to put him to death, they said that he was guilty of treason because he attempted to make a government of his own. Besides, they said, he had gone on an expedition without the consent of the governor of Darien.

Although Balboa declared that he was innocent, his enemies condemned him to death. Thus in the midst of preparations for new discoveries Balboa died, the first white man to behold the Pacific Ocean.

WHEN DAYS ARE O'ERBURDENED WITH TROUBLE

When days are o'erburdened with trouble

And life is o'erburdened with woe,

When pain and unkindness seem double,

'T is because we deserve it, you know ;

'Way back in the past we have planted

Unkindness and hatred to grow ;—

We gather the seed that we sow without heed,

For always we reap as we sow.

Benjamin Keech

FERDINAND DE SOTO

1541

IN the palace of King Charles V of Spain, a great reception was taking place. Flags were flying, drums were beating in celebration of the return of Cabeza de Vaca. The great explorer, bringing many presents, entered the throne-room and bending his left knee in homage, saluted the King.

“Most gracious Majesty,” he said, “I have returned after eight years spent in exploring your new lands of Florida. To you I bring these presents as tokens of my homage.”

“Cabeza de Vaca, we all welcome you,” replied King Charles. “But tell us, I pray you, about your journey.”

“Sire,” said De Vaca, “my wanderings were many. I beheld the most wonderful flowers and trees and birds. Mighty rivers, too, did I see, with reptiles of great size lying on the banks. But the richest land of all I could not find.”

“The richest land?” asked the King.

“Yes, your Majesty,” the explorer replied, “a land richer by far than any ever found. The Indians of far-off Florida told me of a kingdom whose ruler was named ‘El Dorado’ or ‘Gilded Man.’ Every morning El Dorado re-

ceives a golden bath in which he is covered with pure powdered gold. His land is full of untold riches; gold can be picked up in the streets and precious stones can be found everywhere. If I could only have reached that land, your Majesty would have become the richest ruler of all Europe."

"I am sure the fault is not yours," said the King. "But



Cabeza de Vaca on the March

Spain is in great need of money to pay her armies which are fighting the Moors. It would be a great deed if some Spanish knight were to win this wealth for us."

From among the group of nobles who stood near the throne, there stepped a broad-shouldered knight. He was dressed in a gorgeous doublet of silk, and the jewels that he wore were of great value.

Bowing low to the King he said: "Your Majesty, perhaps I can find the 'Gilded Man' Cabeza de Vaca speaks about. Let me take up the search and I shall bring his wealth to Spain."

"You? Why, Ferdinand de Soto you surprise us," said King Charles. "You are our gayest knight. Surely you do not wish to exchange your life of ease for the hardships of the New World?"

"Yes, my King," said De Soto, "I do wish to go forth to the wilds of Florida. I love the pleasures of your court, but first of all I am a soldier and I long for days of action. Remember, it was in 1519 that I sailed for Haiti and there joined the army which landed in Nicaragua. In conquering that country I fought with all my strength and soon I was made commander of the troops. Then I went with Pizarro to Peru and helped him in his conquest of the Incas. When the fighting was over I returned to Spain with great wealth. But now with all my wealth and gay life I feel the call to arms. My love of adventure bids me try to find this golden kingdom. With your permission, most gracious King, I shall fit out a great expedition at my own expense and one-fifth of all the wealth that I find I shall pour into your treasury."

"You are a brave knight, De Soto," replied the King. "I grant your request, and in return I now appoint you Governor of Cuba and of all Florida. May success attend you!"

The news of De Soto's promise soon spread. Ferdinand de Soto was known far and wide as a brave general and a

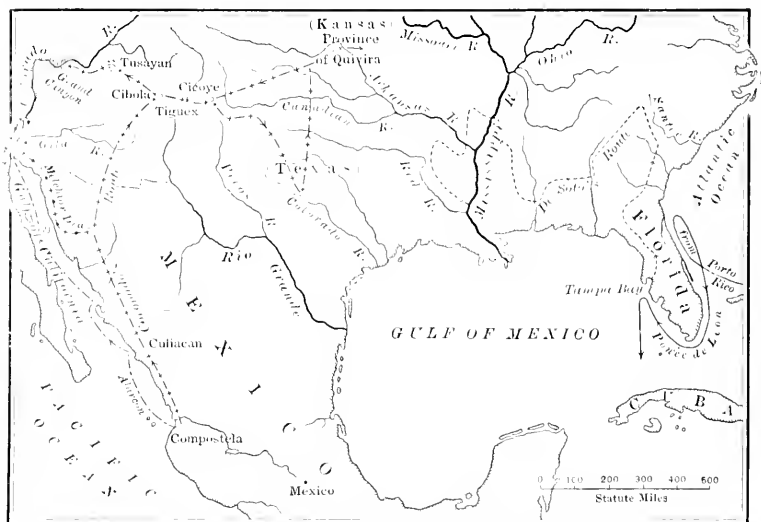
brilliant leader. When he began to prepare for the expedition, many adventurers flocked to his standard. They were sure that De Soto would lead them to great wealth. Nine large vessels were equipped, having on board almost three hundred horses, a drove of hogs, provisions, and many fierce bloodhounds. The number of nobles, heavy armed soldiers, and servants amounted to six hundred men. So confident were all of returning with great wealth, that they sang and danced and made merry. To the tinkling of music and amid the sounds of laughter and singing, the great expedition set sail for Cuba.

For a whole year, De Soto and his men rested in Cuba spending their time in idleness and pleasure. But in the early spring De Soto and his expedition headed west and landed on the banks of Florida. The days of pleasure were now over and the great search for El Dorado was begun.

But on their long, weary marches, the Spaniards did not discover any gold nor any kingdom of wonderful treasures. Dressed in their heavy armor, they had to tramp through the thick woods and great swamps of Florida. The mosquitoes attacked them and caused great pain, while the damp air made many sick with malaria. Worst of all the Indians hated De Soto and his men and many times a Spanish soldier would fall dead on the marshy ground, pierced by the arrow of some unseen Indian.

Despite these terrible hardships, De Soto continued his march north through Florida into what is now Georgia. After beholding the Savannah River and failing to find any riches in that quarter, the Spaniards turned their footsteps

toward the Southwest. The journey through Georgia into Alabama was a weary one. The men were tired out, their strength was almost gone; most of their horses had died and the hope of finding any treasure had left many of the soldiers. Two years passed by and instead of treasures only



Explorations of Ponce de León, De Soto, and Coronado

wounds and sickness and death had marked their wanderings.

De Soto and his soldiers were very cruel in their treatment of the Indians. They made the natives their beasts of burden and inflicted dreadful punishments for the slightest disobedience. As a result, the Indians sent word among their tribes that the invaders were coming, and at every step the Spaniards were attacked. The Seminoles hindered them

in their journey through Florida, while in Alabama the Choctaws attempted to stop De Soto. When the Spanish force tried to enter the town of Manila which belonged to the Choctaw chief, Tuscaloosa, a fierce fight took place and many Spaniards were killed and wounded.

From Alabama, De Soto crossed into the present state of Mississippi and there settled down for the winter in a deserted village of the Chickasaw tribe. Here one night in the middle of January, the Chickasaws suddenly attacked the Spaniards. When De Soto and the soldiers awoke in alarm from sleep, they beheld their houses wrapt in flames which were started by the fire-tipped arrows of the natives. In the smoke and confusion the Indians were driven off after a desperate fight. Sadly the soldiers returned to their camp. With heavy hearts, they found that forty men and fifty horses had been killed.

During the rest of that winter, De Soto's force suffered many hardships. Their houses and provisions had been burned in the fight with the Indians, and their clothes destroyed. No longer were they the gay princes and well-dressed warriors. Now their hair was shaggy and unkempt, and rude clothing made from skins covered their bodies. The soldiers wished to return to Cuba; but their brave leader, who was a very stern commander, refused to face about and ordered all to continue in the search for El Dorado.

So, when the spring of 1541 came, De Soto pushed on through the wild country. One day as he marched through the forest he beheld through the trees the bright gleam of a

river. Larger and larger it grew as he approached until its broad expanse stretched out before him.

The Spanish leader stood on the river's bank but his eyes were fixed in a far off gaze upon the opposite side.

"This is the river," said De Soto to his soldiers, "which the Indians called 'Father of Waters.' Perhaps on the other side we will find El Dorado and his riches."

Thus was De Soto the first white man to behold the mighty Mississippi, but his thoughts were not about the great river. Even at the sight of that glorious stream, he still thought of his search for gold.

De Soto and his soldiers crossed the Mississippi in rough boats made from the trees which grew on its bank and began their march through Arkansas. Vainly they sought for the cities of gold which would make them rich, but they found only endless tracts of forest and plain. At last, when their provisions gave out, they turned their steps and marching through Arkansas and Louisiana, they came again to the Mississippi.

As they reached that great river, a mortal illness came upon De Soto and the brave leader knew that never again would he behold his Spanish home or his kinsfolk. Drawing his men about him as he lay weakened with fever, he appointed a leader and bade his men farewell. There in that great wilderness on the banks of the mighty Mississippi which he had discovered, De Soto died.

Fearing, if they were to let the Indians know of the death of their leader, the savages would overwhelm them, the Spaniards resolved to bury their dead commander secretly.

They carved out a hollow trunk for his coffin and in it they placed De Soto's body. As the stars overhead kept their midnight watch, the Spanish soldiers paddled from the shore and slowly lowered their dead leader into the river's depths and made the stream his grave.

Love of gold and adventure led De Soto to make a weary march across many miles of unknown land with dangers on all sides. At its end he found no El Dorado nor fabled treasure, and he died thinking his attempt was a failure. But in discovering the Mississippi, De Soto performed a far greater work and made the river a monument to his name.

After their leader's death, De Soto's men floated down the Mississippi and after many trials and great hardships were greeted in welcome by their countrymen in the Spanish colony in Mexico. Four years had passed since the brilliant expedition left Spain to find vast wealth. Of the great number who set out, only a few weary soldiers returned. Out of seeming failure great good often comes. So it was that out of De Soto's failure to find riches came the discovery of the Mississippi and a better knowledge of the land from which has been formed seven great states of our Union.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
“ This is my own, my native land ! ”
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well !
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Sir Walter Scott

THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO

1519

IN the ancient capitol of Mexico, all was at peace. The city of the Aztecs was built on the waters of a salty lake and like olden Venice, many of its streets were waterways and canals. Along these canals, gayly-decked boats glided up and down, laden with flowers and fruit, while the boatmen sang the low, sad songs of the Aztecs.

No longer did the people fear, but worked at their daily tasks in peace. A few days before, messengers had brought the news that white-faced strangers had landed on the coast. Their ships had large white sails and the strangers carried with them lightning and thunder. When this report was told, there was great fear, for the people of the city thought that the strangers were gods who had come to destroy them. Then later came other panting messengers who brought the glad tidings that the white-faced strangers had sailed away from the coast.

On a western hill of the capital stood the royal palace of Montezuma, the Emperor of Mexico. It was a wonderful building of shining onyx and jasper which gleamed in the sunlight. Beautiful flowers and shrubs grew on all sides about it, while in the large gardens were many birds brought from every part of the Empire. So many were there —

scarlet cardinals, parrots, humming birds, and golden pheasants — that three hundred servants were needed to attend to them. Besides these songsters and birds of plumage, there were birds of prey — hawks, vultures, and bald eagles from the far-off mountain-tops. In another part of the gardens, deep basins could be seen where many different kinds of fish swam about, while in another direction could be heard the cries of caged beasts which had been captured in the woods and jungles of Mexico.

Within the magnificent palace, the walls were hung with rich curtains. Bronze and golden statues stood about while the cedar wood of the rafters sent a sweet perfume through the air.

In a large hall of the palace, Montezuma was seated before a low table as the great nobles of his country waited upon him with food. The dishes were made of the finest Mexican workmanship yet Montezuma never used the same dishes a second time, but gave them away to his servants. After the nobles had laid before their Emperor the meats and fish, pretty maidens brought in sweet-tasting dishes of pastry which Montezuma enjoyed while drinking his chocolate. Then came a servant carrying water in a silver basin in which Montezuma washed his fingers.

Pipes were now brought and while the Emperor smoked fragrant tobacco, his jester and jugglers played tricks for his amusement. Montezuma was pleased with their antics but soon he grew sleepy. Just as his eyes closed, a messenger clad in rough mantle and with bare feet entered suddenly.



Montezuma and Cortez

"Speak," said the Emperor, very angry at being disturbed.

Bowing low, the messenger began to speak. "The white faced strangers have come again. Two hundred miles away at Vera Cruz, they have landed. Their leader desires to march on to your great city."

"Alas! Alas!" said the Emperor in alarm. "They must not come. Tell them the way is dangerous. Bring them presents, but tell them Montezuma wishes them to depart. Go! I will speak with my wise men."

Bowing again, the messenger left. Soon messengers, carrying gifts, were hurrying to the camp of the Spaniards at Vera Cruz. They brought with them a helmet filled with gold, two large discs of gold, and great quantities of cloth and feathers woven in beautiful designs.

Straight across the country of Mexico ran the messengers. The Aztecs had no horses, but their messengers were fleet of foot; and when one had run a certain distance he stopped, and another continued the journey, just as boys to-day run their relay-races. So swiftly could the messengers run, that fish swimming in the Atlantic on one day could be caught and served the next day before Montezuma who was over two hundred miles away!

At last the messenger came to the Spanish camp. Straightway he went to the tent of the commander, Cortez. He was a noble-looking soldier with kind eyes, yet stern and proud in his bearing.

"I bring you gifts," said the messengers. "Our gracious Emperor desires you to receive them and depart to your own country. The way to the city is dangerous."

“Give my thanks to your King,” replied Cortez, as he took the gifts. “In return, I shall give you gifts to carry to your Emperor.”

The Spanish general gave the messenger presents that were of no great value, and some trinkets of glass to carry to Montezuma.

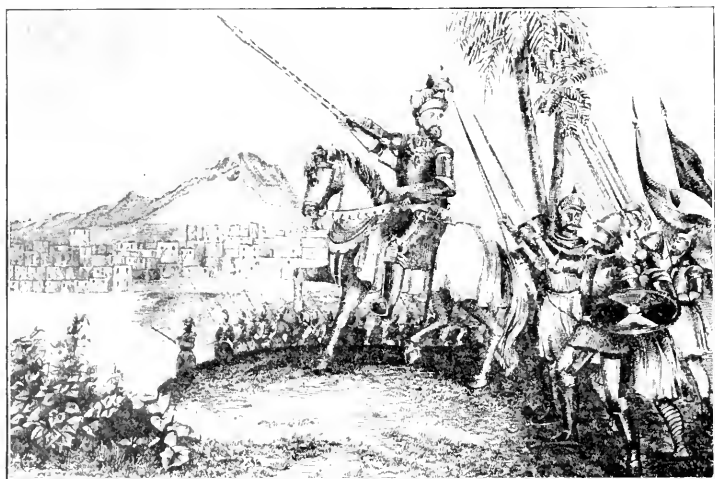
When the Spaniards saw the gold, their eyes opened in wonder. They had set out for treasure and never before had they beheld so much at one time. All thoughts of returning home left them, and Cortez and his men resolved to set out for the Capital of Mexico. Such an expedition through three hundred miles of unknown country was a dangerous one. So that no one could retreat, Cortez sank all his ships off the Atlantic coast. With about seven hundred soldiers, fourteen small cannon, and sixteen horses, Cortez left Vera Cruz and began the long march to Mexico.

As the troops marched through the country, the natives knelt in worship, because they thought the Spaniards were descendants of the sun-god who had left Mexico in the early ages. When they saw the men riding the cavalry horses, the Aztecs fled in terror. They had never beheld a horse before, and they thought rider and horse formed some terrible, strange animal.

At times the natives formed in battle-line in vast numbers to attack the marching soldiers, but the noise and fire of the Spanish guns and cannon terrified them and sent them fleeing in every direction. When some of the chiefs saw how powerful were the Spaniards, they joined the army of Cortez and marched with the Spanish troops to Mexico.

So many natives wished to help the Spaniards in their conquests that the number of soldiers increased to sixteen hundred men.

After many battles in which Cortez was always victorious, the Spanish army arrived at the walls of Mexico, November 8, 1519. Montezuma feared to attack them but met the troops at the gates of the city. He welcomed Cortez and,



Cortez Marching to Mexico

conducting him to his palace, gave him a large building in which the troops might live.

The Spanish soldiers marveled at the size of the city. Its houses were made of cement with flat roofs where flowers were planted. A great street, or causeway, led through the city, while the canals were crossed by many bridges which could be raised or lowered.

They found that the Aztecs worked in copper and tin but did not realize the use of iron. The natives were dressed in bright garments of cotton with capes of feathers. They also wore ornaments of gold and silver.

In the center of the city were the twenty great temples. Here the Aztecs worshiped idols of bronze and stone. The temples were rich in gold and silver, and on the top of the highest there was a large stone upon which human beings were killed as sacrifices to the gods. When Cortez heard of this cruel practice, he resolved to prevent the Aztecs from killing any more people.

Cortez and his little army were all alone in the great city. They had no place to which to retreat if they were attacked and Cortez realized that if the natives engaged his men in battle, his small force would be overcome by their great numbers. So he resolved to do a daring thing in order to prevent any danger. He would make Montezuma a prisoner in his own city!

In a province outside of the city, a Spanish soldier had been killed in a quarrel. Cortez made out that he was very angry, and with an armed guard he went to the palace of Montezuma.

"Gracious Emperor," said Cortez, "one of my Spanish soldiers has been killed by your subjects. I demand the men who killed him. Besides, in order that no one else be killed, I request that you surrender yourself to our forces."

Cortez knew that when the Emperor was his prisoner, the Aztecs would not dare to attack the Spanish soldiers.

When Montezuma heard the words of Cortez, his face became white as death.

“When was such a thing ever heard of,” exclaimed Montezuma, “as that a great prince like myself should voluntarily leave his own palace to become the prisoner of strangers?”

But Cortez was very firm and demanded the Emperor as a prisoner. Montezuma pleaded for his liberty. “I will give my son and two daughters. I am the Emperor. I cannot go.”

The Spanish general refused his request, and for two hours the ruler of the Mexicans pleaded. At last a Spanish nobleman exclaimed: “Why do we waste words on this barbarian? We have gone too far to withdraw now. Let us seize him and if he resist, plunge our swords into his body.”

Alarmed at these words, the unhappy Emperor looked about in vain for sympathy. When he saw the soldiers of Cortez, his courage failed him. In a voice that was sad and weak, he said, “I will go.” Had he been brave, he would have called his servants about him and died fighting rather than surrender. But his spirit was weak, and with bowed head he left the palace of his forefathers, never to return.

With Montezuma in his power, Cortez grew bolder. His men sought for treasure everywhere even in the sacred temples. The actions of the soldiers angered the Aztecs, and soon mutterings of discontent were heard throughout the city.

In 1520, a force of Spaniards sent by the Governor of Cuba, landed at Vera Cruz to capture Cortez and make him a prisoner. With a small force, Cortez hastened from the capital to Vera Cruz in order to conquer his Spanish enemies. When he departed he left part of his army in Mexico in the command of Alvarado.

But Alvarado could not control his men, and soon the soldiers and natives were quarreling. The Aztecs hated the cruel and greedy Spaniards who were robbing their homes and their temples. They hated their Emperor, too, because he was a friend of the Spaniards.

Five months passed, when one day the soldiers of Alvarado cruelly killed many Mexicans in a quarrel. With terrible fury the Mexicans roused themselves to action, and when Cortez returned after making peace with the Spanish force from Cuba, he found that a fierce war had begun.

In great numbers the natives attacked the Spanish quarters. Hoping to quiet his people, Montezuma addressed them in the public square. Their hatred was intense, and they refused to follow his advice. When he stopped talking, the natives hurled stones at their Emperor whom they once had loved. Montezuma was struck down and carried away wounded. His proud spirit was broken by shame, and tears of sorrow ran down his cheeks. He grew weaker and weaker and at last died dishonored by his own people and a prisoner in the hands of strangers.

The Spanish soldiers could no longer resist the attack of the Aztecs and on the night of July 1st, 1520, Cortez and his soldiers attempted to steal out of Mexico. It was

midnight, and a drizzling rain fell from the dark heavens. Noiselessly, the Spaniards marched along the causeway which led out of the city. Suddenly their steps were heard



Cortez in Armor

by an Aztec sentinel. Boom-boom! Boom-boom! Across the dead silence of the night came the booming of the war-drum, calling the natives to battle. Before the Spanish troops had crossed the first bridge, the Aztecs were upon

them. The natives fought with insane fury as they flung themselves upon the Spaniards. Soon the air was filled with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying. The small force of the Spaniards went down before the vast number of the Aztecs; but, fighting for their very lives, they battled their way outside the walls of the city.

When the morning broke, Cortez collected his defeated troops and as he beheld their thinned and broken ranks his eyes were filled with tears. Four hundred and fifty men had been killed, most of the horses slain, and his baggage and provisions destroyed. So terrible had been the battle that the Spaniards called that night "The Sorrowful Night."

But Cortez had an iron will and great courage. He rested outside the city and waited for more troops from Cuba. Many tribes that had been at war with the Aztecs flocked to his standard. When his army numbered a hundred thousand natives and eleven hundred Spanish soldiers, Cortez began an attack on the city. For three months the brave Aztecs defended Mexico; but when their walls were battered down by the cannon and many had been killed, the Aztec chief surrendered. In triumph, Cortez again entered the city in August 1521.

For many years Cortez ruled as the Emperor of Mexico. He established a new government and taught the natives the use of iron. He also helped them develop the mines and prevented any more sacrifices of human beings. Under his rule much wealth was brought to Spain which continued to own Mexico until 1821.

In 1540 Cortez returned to Spain. His enemies had told the King that Cortez was not a loyal subject. Although Cortez had made the King very rich by the conquest of Mexico, the conqueror was coldly received. Because of this ungrateful treatment, Cortez left the court and went on no more expeditions. In conquering Mexico, Cortez won for himself a brilliant record as a leader and general. His name will forever be spoken with the name of Mexico.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light:
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Joseph Rodman Drake

THE CONQUEST OF PERU

1532

“A SHIP! a ship!” went up the cry from the starving Spanish sailors on the shores of the island of Gallo, which lies off the northwestern coast of South America.

“We are saved!” they shouted with joy. “Here comes our ship from Panama bringing new supplies.”

For many weeks they had waited for the coming of their ship. In their search for the famous cities of gold, they had landed on the island of Gallo, and had sent back their boat to Panama for more supplies. Then while they waited, the tropical rains began. All day long, for many dreary days, the rain fell and a large number of the men grew sick and died from fever. Their food was soon gone and all they could find to eat was the berries of the woods and the shell-fish on the shore. Weak and trembling from hunger, the starving sailors waited and watched for the vessel that should bring them help and food. Their stout-hearted leader, Pizarro, tried to encourage them by telling of the vast wealth they would find; but many were discouraged and longed to return to the Spanish settlements at Panama whence they had come. But now at last their trials were over. Their ship had returned.

When the small boats from the ship had landed, Pizarro

and his men were surprised to find a stranger in command of the vessel. When it had sailed away, Pizarro's companion, Almagro, was captain.

With a stern air, the captain of the vessel approached Pizarro. "I am sent," he said, "by the governor of Panama to arrest you, Pizarro. He is tired of this wild-goose chase. Three times you have set out for the rich cities of the South and each time you have failed. He orders you and all your men to return to Panama."

Many of Pizarro's men were glad to hear this for they were disappointed and wished to return home. But Pizarro was a rough warrior who would never give up the search. Drawing his sword, he marked a line running east and west on the shore. His face was set and stern. Turning to his men, he spoke in a tone that thrilled them. "To the south," he said, pointing with his sword, "there is danger and glory. To the north lie ease and safety. Let each man choose for himself. I go south!"

He stepped across the line. A murmur passed through the men standing together, and sixteen brave and resolute soldiers strode across the line and joined their leader. The others refused to continue the perilous journey and returned in the ship to Panama.

When the vessel had sailed away, Pizarro and his small force left the island of Gallo on a raft which they had made, and paddled to the island of Gorgona which lies north of Gallo. Here they decided to wait, hoping that the governor might change his mind and send them a new ship with more men and supplies. Shell-fish were their only food

except when some sailor was lucky enough to shoot a passing bird. They had waited seven long months when at last another ship arrived.

Pizarro and his men went on board and sailed along the coast. In the country called Peru they landed and discovered large cities where gold and silver abounded. The golden kingdom was found at last! The Spanish sailors were surprised to see so much wealth and civilization. In the cities they found great temples which were built of huge stones where precious gold and silver ornaments hung on the walls. The Peruvians were a short, brown-skinned people with black hair. They labored in the fields raising corn, potatoes, and fruits, or worked in the cities weaving cloth or making pottery and ornaments of gold, silver, and bronze.

The people wore garments of the finest weaving made from the wool of a native animal called the alpaca. They had no horses but used the queer-looking llamas to carry burdens. Their emperor was called the Inca; he dwelt in the capital, Cuzco, a great city of three thousand inhabitants. This was the "Holy City" and here was the enormous Temple of the Sun which gleamed with gold and silver. The buildings were made of huge stones which thousands of natives had dragged from the mountains with ropes. One stone was so heavy that twenty thousand natives could not drag it to its place and they called it the "Tired Stone" because, they said, it became tired and would not go on any further.

When Pizarro saw the great wealth of Peru, he hastened to return to Spain. There he obtained help from Charles V,

and with Almagro and about two hundred men and fifty horses he set sail again for Peru. This time he meant to conquer the people of Peru and seize their wealth.

In the spring of 1532, Pizarro landed in Peru. A great war had been raging among the Peruvians; and just when the Spaniards landed on the coast, Atahualpa, a strong chieftain, won a great victory. As his army proclaimed him the emperor of all Peru and placed on his head a crimson cap that made him the Inca, a messenger hurried through the crowded ranks.

"I bring you news," the messenger said. "Strangers have landed on our coast. They carry thunderbolts in their hands and ride great beasts that are stronger than our llamas."

Atahualpa and his army were greatly surprised. "They must be gods," the Inca replied. "Let my brave general, Titu, depart and visit the strangers and tell them of my friendship."

At the command of the Emperor, Titu journeyed to meet the Spaniards. When he beheld them carrying their guns and riding their horses, he bowed low in reverence, for he thought that the Spanish soldiers were gods of the sky.

Pizarro received Titu in kindly manner and resolved to march up the mountains to the camp of the Inca. The way was a long one and led from the coast up into the heart of the Andes. But this journey was not as difficult as it might seem, for the Peruvians had built wonderful roads which ran through the length of their country. They were about

twenty-five feet wide and very level. As the soldiers marched along they passed over deep valleys and high mountains, through gorges cut in the rocks, along the edge of snow-capped ranges and by the rushing waters of the mountain rivers. The people of Peru did not build bridges like ours but the deep valleys were crossed by swaying bridges made of ropes on which boards were placed for the foot-way. As the heavy soldiers stepped across, the slender bridges would swing and sway in the wind, while miles below stretched the silvery band of a river.

After the march up the mountains, Pizarro entered the city of Caxamarca where the Inca had his camp. The houses of the city were made of brick with roofs of straw, or of rough stones placed upon each other without cement. On a hill overlooking the town the Spanish soldiers beheld the great army of the Inca. The native soldiers wore doublets of cotton and carried either leather shields and lances or clubs.

When Pizarro beheld the great number of watch-fires gleaming in the night, he became aware that the Inca's army numbered many thousands of soldiers while the Spanish troops were few. But the crafty Spanish leader knew that the natives feared him because they thought he was a god. This knowledge gave him courage so he resolved to capture their emperor and then rob them of their gold and silver treasures.

A meeting between the Inca and the Spaniards was arranged to take place next day. When day broke, the Inca entered the square of the city with a large guard. He ex-

pected to meet Pizarro and his men, but no Spaniard could be seen anywhere.

Finally a Spanish priest was seen approaching. After reading a long message he saluted the Inca and handed him a Bible. The Inca looked at it for a moment and then threw it on the ground. At that instant the war-cry "Santiago!" rang out, and from concealed places the Spanish soldiers rushed upon the surprised natives. The guns of the Spaniards terrified the Peruvians and they fled headlong before the rush of the horses. A terrible scene followed. The Inca was taken prisoner, and so successful was the attack that his army of fifty thousand men was put to flight by Pizarro and his two hundred men.

The natives were now sure that the Spaniards were gods and in fear they did not attempt to rescue their ruler. But Atahualpa, the Inca, begged to be freed. Appealing to Pizarro, he pleaded to be released. His prison was a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide. Making a mark on the wall as high as he could reach, the Inca exclaimed: "I will fill this room as high as that mark with gold if you will only set me free."

Pizarro opened his eyes in wonder. "You shall be free, Atahualpa, if you do as you promise. But this treasure must be collected in two months."

The Inca agreed and soon gold came pouring in from the temples and homes of the loyal natives. It took a long time to collect so great a treasure; in the meantime, Pizarro with small forces of twenty or thirty men would ride miles through the country, destroying the images and seizing the

gold and silver ornaments from the temples of the Incas. But the people of Peru, though they saw their churches invaded and their treasures stolen, did nothing to hinder the Spaniards, for they thought the soldiers must be gods to be able to destroy the wooden and clay idols of the Inca's gods.

When the treasure was collected, the gold in the room of Atahualpa amounted to over fifteen million dollars. The greedy Spaniards seized this and divided it amongst themselves. But when Atahualpa asked for his freedom, Pizarro refused his request.

"I have paid my ransom," said the Inca; "you have received the gold. Now let me go in peace."

"You cannot go," answered the cruel Pizarro. "You have plotted to wage war against us. Now you must die."

In vain did the Inca plead with the hard-hearted Spaniards. They had obtained his gold and now they wanted his life. Into the public square the soldiers led the weeping Inca to his death. As the evening sun was setting, the proud Inca was hanged by the cruel, wicked Spaniards.

Pizarro now gained control over the natives who were terrified at the death of their emperor. Leaving the city, he marched south through Peru to the capital, Cuzco. On the way, all the temples and public buildings were plundered and stripped of their ornaments.

The stories of the Inca's wealth brought many Spaniards to Peru, and soon a new city named Lima sprang up on the Pacific coast. The Spaniards continued to explore the vast country but the natives watched them closely. When they found in 1533 that the Spanish soldiers were not gods, they

resolved to wage war against them and win back their land from the cruel invaders.

From far and near, the natives secretly gathered a large army. With terrific force and suddenness the Peruvians burst upon the city of Cuzco. With only their leather shields and their clubs the natives fought at a terrible disadvantage, yet so fierce was their attack that for six months the Spaniards were held prisoners in the city. But the native army finally weakened before the deadly shots of the Spanish cannon and in a great battle thousands of the Peruvians were slain. This defeat broke the power of the Incas and ended their rule forever.

For many years Pizarro governed Peru. He imported seeds and vegetables from Europe, worked the gold and silver mines, and subdued the different tribes until the Spanish rule was extended throughout the land of the Incas.

But Pizarro was a rude and severe commander. He was an ignorant soldier who was never generous or kind, and so he made many bitter enemies. So intensely was he hated, that in 1541 a party of men whom he had ill treated burst in upon him while he was at dinner. He was an old man now but still very strong. Swinging his sword he laid low several of the assassins. But the others closed in upon him and a sword was plunged into his body.

Thus died Pizarro, a cruel but brave soldier who swept a whole nation before him by his great courage, and won for Spain the mighty empire of the Incas.

MAGELLAN AND THE VOYAGE OF THE “VICTORIA”

1519

IN the dark, slanting shadows of the wharf, two men, armed with long daggers, crouched in waiting. The night air was still, except for the splish-splash of the waves against the dock.

“’T is very well to say, ‘Be sure and kill him,’ ” said one of the hiding men to his companion, “but how shall I be able to recognize him?”

“That will be easy,” the other replied. “They tell me Magellan fought against the Moors in Morocco and there received a wound in the knee. Now he walks lame and you will be able to recognize him by his limp. But be careful, for he is very strong, having been in many battles with the Malays in Malacca. We must kill this Portuguese nobleman; for, though our King would not help him in his search for a western passage to India, he is jealous because Magellan came to Spain and received help there. Now our Majesty wishes to put an end to this expedition, which sails in two days. So when you see him, strike and strike hard.”

“That I will do,” said the first, “but tell me what mean these piles of boxes? Surely the provisions are already on board.”

"Yes, the provisions are on board," explained his companion. "These boxes contain bells—twenty thousand little brass bells, I heard a sailor say. Besides these, Magellan is taking five hundred pounds of glass beads to exchange for spices in India. He knows —"



*Ferdinandus Magallanus Portugensis exploratoris
regis Isabellae reginae Portugalliae Senatus*

Ferdinand Magellan

He knows —"

"S-sh! some one is coming," interrupted his friend, pointing to a tall heavy-limbed man who was coming slowly down the dock. The breeze from the sea gently waved his long hair, and as he walked he dragged one leg along.

"Magellan!" whispered the hidden men.

In the twinkling of an eye the men leaped from the shadows. The patter of their feet on the wooden dock caused Magellan to look around. He turned in time to see the long blade of a dagger flash down upon him. Quickly he sidestepped the blow and shot out his powerful arm. With terrific force his fist struck the chin of the assassin, and he crumpled down on the dock in a heap. The other assassin, in running to the attack had tripped. Before he could recover his balance, Magellan was upon him. The struggle was brief, and with his strong arms Magellan overpowered him.

When Magellan looked down on the faces of the men who had tried to kill him, his countenance was sad.

"Alas! Alas!" he said. "My own king refuses me help and now tries to prevent Spain from coming to my assistance by sending my countrymen of Portugal to slay me just when I am about to sail. The dangers I must face at sea are great, indeed, for the five boats are old and worn out. But in spite of all these trials, I will succeed."

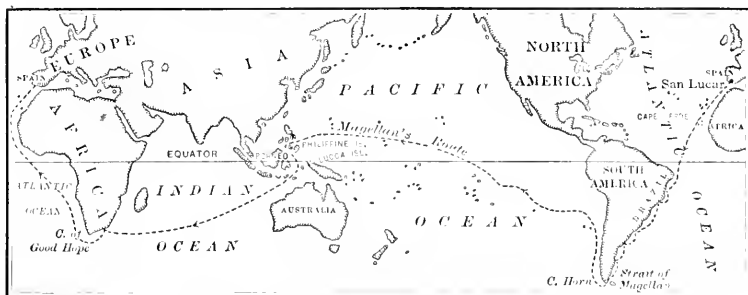
Even after he had turned the two assassins over to the night-watch and was limping away, he kept muttering: "I will succeed. I will succeed."

When preparations were completed, Magellan sailed from Spain, September 20th, 1519, with his five worn-out ships and a crew of two hundred and seventy men. He thought the new world was a large island and that perhaps he might find a strait through which he could sail to India. So he steered his ships towards the Southwest. The fleet had hardly passed from the sight of land when there came a calm. For three long weeks the sails flapped idly at their masts, awaiting the coming of the wind. Then with a whirling rush it came and tossed the vessels about in the storm and sent the waves splashing high over their decks. With great difficulty the ships weathered the gales, and after a weary voyage of two months Magellan and his crew landed on the shores of Brazil.

Still eager to find the strait which should lead them to India, the Spanish sailors continued their journey along the coast until they came to the broad mouth of the Rio de la Plata.

"Here is the strait at last," exclaimed Magellan to his pilot. "Steer the ship through to the ocean which must lie on the other side."

The Spanish fleet, headed by Magellan's flagship the "Victoria," entered the great river. On its banks the sailors saw great palm and cocoanut trees. Monkeys were swinging in the branches, and the noise of their chatter mingled with the calls of bright-colored birds.



Magellan's Voyage around the Globe

As they were gazing with delight at the strange sights, a sailor informed Magellan that the water of the river was no longer salty. A look of disappointment came upon the face of Magellan and he shook his head.

"Since the water is no longer salty," he said, "we are not on a strait connecting two oceans. This is some large inland river. We must turn about."

So the vessels turned and sailing down the river to its mouth journeyed south along the shore of South America. As they proceeded, the days grew shorter and shorter. The winds brought the stings of winter with them, and soon the

cold grew so intense that the sailors could hardly handle the ropes and sails which were frozen stiff with spray. They were now in the grasp of the Antarctic winter which takes place at the time of our summer.

The storms grew worse, and each day the supply of provisions ran lower. The sailors were fearful lest the ships be wrecked and all hands perish, and they murmured against Magellan. In the month of March 1520, Magellan was forced by the severity of the weather to turn his fleet into a sheltered cove, called Port Julien, on the coast of Patagonia. There he spent the winter.

With the coming of spring in August, Magellan continued his voyage. During the whole of September they sailed south but found no break in the coast. On October 20th, they entered a narrow passage with mountains rising on both sides. This waterway, which is now known as the Strait of Magellan, was crooked and dangerous and always swept by gales and storms. So perilous seemed the journey that the captain and crew of one of Magellan's ships lost heart and deserted rather than make the trip through the choppy waters of the strait. Another vessel was wrecked and left to rot on the rocky shore. With only three ships, Magellan battled on, and after five weeks, passed from the stormy strait to the waters of a peaceful ocean. In great joy, Magellan gazed upon the quiet sea and because it was so calm, he called it the Pacific Ocean.

The Spaniards thought that the Pacific was a narrow stretch of water beyond which lay India. They did not realize the immense size of the globe and thought that

a journey of a day or two would bring them to the lands of the East.

Thinking that he would soon reach India, Magellan steered his fleet now toward the Northwest. His expedition was poorly prepared for the voyage across the Pacific. He had only a small quantity of fresh water and provisions. Yet with great daring they set sail across the three thousand miles of the ocean. Day after day slipped by, the days became weeks and the weeks months, yet no land appeared. The provisions grew ever scarcer until the last scrap of food was gone. The sailors were faint with hunger; their strength left them and they dragged their thin, weak bodies about, looking everywhere for food. So desperate did they become, that they ate the leather that was wrapped about the ropes. This was tough and gave little nourishment. Nineteen sailors dropped from hunger and did not rise again, while countless others grew deadly sick.

Gaunt and grim with determination, Magellan guided the ships. He could not turn back, for that meant death. Each day he strained his eyes in search for land; each day he was disappointed. At last on March 6th, 1521, a shout of joy went up from the boats. Land at last! They were saved!

The natives of the islands to which the ships had come, flocked on board bringing baskets of fruit, spices and vegetables. The hungry sailors gladly exchanged their brass bells for the oranges and melons which seemed so delicious after the terrible days of starving. But the natives were very wicked and stole many things when the Spaniards were

not watching. When Magellan was leaving he called the newly found islands the "Ladrones" or "Islands of the Thieves" because the natives stole so many articles from the ships.

After a voyage of almost two weeks Magellan came to a group of islands which are known to-day as the Philip-



Magellan Lands in the Philippines

pines. The King of the island of Cebu was kind to Magellan and his men, but the people of the other islands did not like the Spaniards. A serious battle between the inhabitants and the Spanish sailors took place, and Magellan was wounded and soon afterwards died. Magellan's men were heartbroken at the death of their leader. When they asked the King of Cebu for his body, he refused, and they

were forced to depart without giving their brave commander a fitting burial.

Elcano now commanded the expedition; but before sailing west the sailors found one of the ships to be unseaworthy and burned it on the beach. Only two were now left and the captain and the crew of one of the remaining vessels refused to sail on the dangerous voyage to Spain and returned to Panama. Of these fifty-four men who sailed to Panama only four ever reached Spain.

Elcano and his crew on board Magellan's flagship, the "Victoria," determined to continue their journey round the world. They sailed southwest to the Molucca Islands and bartered their bells and beads for the spices of the islands. Then, the "Victoria" set her sails for the voyage homeward round the Cape of Good Hope and up the coast of Africa to Spain.

The final voyage was as terrible as the one across the Pacific. Sickness and starvation came upon the crew and carried away many of their number. Beatriz, the wife of Magellan with her little son Rodrigo, had accompanied her husband through all the perils of the journey. Saddened by his death, she would roam about the deck helping the sailors who were ill. But her sorrows were soon ended. The mother and her little child grew ill and died before the vessel reached the shores of Spain.

On September 26th, 1522, after a three years' absence, the storm-battered "Victoria"—the first ship to circle the globe, slowly sailed into the Spanish harbor. Its long

voyage was over. Of her crew of two hundred and seventy men only thirty-one sick and worn-out sailors returned.

Magellan, like many other heroes, died before he saw the result of his efforts. But his work was not in vain for the expedition begun by Magellan proved that the earth was round and that its size was far beyond the idea common among men. His journey also showed that America was not an island but a great continent and that sailing west was not the shortest way to India.

We know no North, nor South, nor West;
One Union binds us all;
Its stars and stripes are o'er us flung,—
'Neath them we'll stand or fall.

Anon

DRAKE'S VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD

1577

It was in the year 1577 and out in the harbor of Plymouth, England, that five large vessels were riding at anchor waiting for the order to sail. The largest was called the "Pelican" and on this ship two sailors stood talking.

"Is this your first voyage with Drake?" asked the first sailor.

"Yes," replied the other, "I heard so much about Drake and his great fights with the Spaniards that I asked to join his expedition. But where are we going?"

"I do not know," said the first sailor. "Some think we are going to Egypt. I heard, too, that we are sailing to America. But wherever we go, you'll see lots of fighting and plenty of gold. There is n't a more daring leader than our Admiral Drake and the Spaniards just hate and fear him. You know Drake sailed under Sir John Hawkins and one day the Spaniards attacked the English after they had promised Sir John that they would not. In the fight Hawkins lost four boats. This made Hawkins pretty mad as he had just sold a number of slaves and the gold he received for them was lost in the ships that were sunk. Ever since then Drake had hated the Spaniards and has captured

their treasure-ships. He had robbed so many Spanish boats of their gold that Spain has asked our good Queen Bess to hand Drake over for punishment. Of course our Queen refused and some say she is helping Drake fit out this ex-



Sir Francis Drake

pedition. For you know England is not friendly with Spain now. But I long for a good fight. We sail very soon. Why, here comes the Admiral now!"

The sailors stood at attention. Up the ship's side came Admiral Drake with some officers. He was not very tall and was dressed in a rich suit of silken top-coat and cloak

and knee breeches. His shoes were low and he wore silk stockings. A large ruffle of white was about his neck while a thin sword swung at his side. His hair was brown and his beard pointed and long. Walking past the sailors, who saluted, he entered his cabin which was like a rich man's home. The chairs and table were made of carved, polished wood; and gold and silver ornaments adorned the room. ,

Turning to his captain, Drake said: "Captain Winter, the expedition sails at five o'clock. Please give the orders to the fleet."

"Ay! ay! Sir," said Captain John Winter.

At five o'clock the signal went forth and soon the decks of the boats were filled with sailors getting the sails into place. Pulleys were creaking, chains were rattling, and orders were being shouted by the officers. The large white sails were at last all up, and at five o'clock on November 15, 1577, Drake's ships sailed from the harbor of Plymouth. Toward the South they sailed until they reached the coast of Africa. Here at different times they met with a number of Spanish caravels which they captured. As yet Drake did not tell the sailors whither the expedition was bound. When the Cape Verde Islands were reached, the Admiral told his crews that he intended to sail around South America to the Pacific Ocean and to plunder the treasure-ships of the Spaniards which he would find there.

When the supplies were on board, the fleet left the Cape Verde Islands and crossed the Atlantic to Brazil. Drake sailed down the coast of South America but as he went further south, the storms grew worse. So terrific were the

winds and waves that Drake decided to spend the winter at Port St. Julien, just as Magellan had done years before. From June until August the English sailors lived in huts and tents at Port St. Julien. While they were in this camp a plot was formed to kill Drake.

When Drake heard of this plot, he called his officers together. "There is a person amongst us," said the Admiral, "who is planning to kill me. I thought he was my friend and I trusted him, but he has worked very hard to slay me and ruin our success. What shall I do with him?"

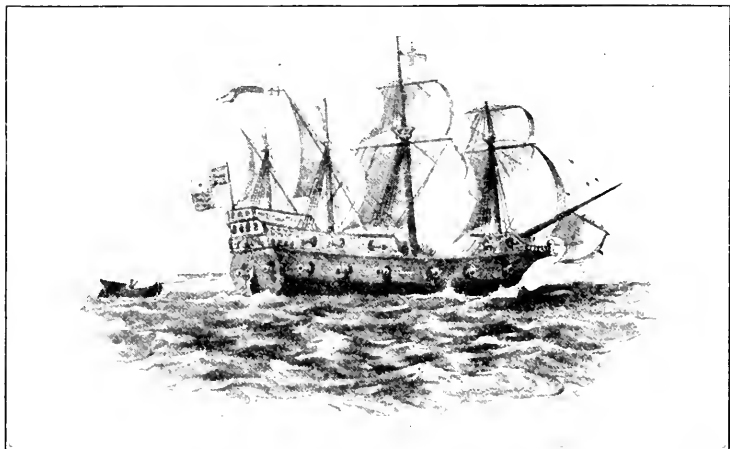
The officers were very much surprised for they thought that all the crew loved their leader. "Let him die!" they cried, "let him die!"

The guilty man, who was already a prisoner, was hanged; and peace was restored in the camp. When the ships were reloaded with water and provisions, Drake and his crew left Port St. Julien, and in August 1578 they entered the Strait of Magellan. Just as the boats sailed into the narrow passage, Drake held a little ceremony in honor of Queen Elizabeth. He ordered the sails lowered half way while a sermon was preached. Then Drake changed the name of the "Pelican" to the "Golden Hind." After this ceremony the English sailed on through the channel and in two weeks came to the Pacific. It took Magellan over five weeks to make the same journey.

As the English vessels entered the Pacific Ocean, a fierce storm burst upon them. For fifty-two days the winds swept the sea and tossed the ships about. When the storm died

down, out of the five ships, only one remained. This was the "Golden Hind."

In this sturdy boat, Drake sailed slowly up the coast of South America. Wherever there was a harbor, the English entered it and took whatever they pleased. The Spaniards never expected to see an English ship on the Pacific and were too frightened to fight. At one of the stopping-places,



Drake's Ship, "The Golden Hind"

Drake's men found a Spaniard who had fallen asleep while guarding a pile of gold and silver bars. The sailors did not wake him but quietly took the treasure and laughingly stole away to their ships. Many towns did they plunder and many Spanish boats laden with silver and gold were captured and stripped of their cargoes.

Sailing into the harbor of Arica, Drake beheld a beautiful Spanish town whose people were busy in mining and com-

merce. Before the Spaniards could recover from their surprise, Drake attacked their ships and easily captured them. Two of the boats were treasure-ships and contained over forty bars of silver. Each bar weighed about twenty pounds. Drake seized this treasure and sailed to Lima, the largest Spanish port in Peru. While on the way, he captured two Spanish vessels filled with silver and fine linen.

In the stillness of night, Drake entered the harbor of Lima. Over thirty Spanish ships were at anchor. Drake was very daring and sailed into the midst of them. The Spaniards were so alarmed at the sudden appearance of the "Golden Hind," that they did not resist the English.

Drake searched every ship but did not find any gold or silver. From a captive he heard that a ship laden with treasure had left two weeks before for Panama. The Admiral resolved to pursue this ship and capture it.

Although the treasure-ship which was called the "Spitfire," had a start of two weeks, Drake was sure of catching up with it. He even stopped to visit three ports on the way and capture rich booty. Then he set out in earnest to capture the "Spitfire." A heavy golden chain was offered to the sailor who first beheld her. Slowly but surely the "Golden Hind" caught up with the slow-sailing Spanish ship. The race grew hotter and hotter. Two days now separated the English from the treasure. The distance grew shorter and shorter. Just as the "Golden Hind" passed Cape Francis, John Drake, the young son of the Admiral called out, "A sail! A sail! It is the 'Spitfire.' Hurrah! I win the golden chain."

Admiral Drake looked through his sea-glass and said: "You are right, my boy, it is the 'Spitfire,' but we must not go alongside until night. Let heavy casks be dragged along from the stern to slow up our speed."

This was done but as darkness came over the ocean, the casks were cut away and the "Golden Hind" sprang forward to the attack. A single shot rang out across the bow of the "Spitfire" and the Spaniards surrendered.



Fra Drake

Sir Francis Drake.
(With autograph.)

For six days the two ships sailed side by side while the treasure was taken from the "Spitfire." Never had the English captured so rich a prize. The Spanish vessel was loaded with fruit, sugar, meats, and supplies; but greatest of all was the treasure. It consisted of many bags of precious stones, thirteen chests of golden dollars, eighty pounds of gold, and twenty-six tons of

silver. This plunder amounted to over ten million dollars not counting the precious jewels!

Drake's success now alarmed the Spaniards and his name spread throughout all South America. Not a Spanish vessel dared to leave its port on the Pacific for fear of Drake.

But Drake was anxious to return home as he had a vast

amount of treasure. He could not sail around South America as the Spaniards were watching for him with large fleets. As he was now north of the equator, he decided to find the Northwest Passage to England.

He said: "If we should find a northwest passage, not only should we be doing a great service to our Queen but we could thereby return all the sooner to our homes which we long to see again. So let us find a place in which to repair our ship and then sail joyously homeward."

Drake reached what is now Vancouver but the cold became so great and the fogs so dense that he gave up the search for a northwest passage and returned along the coast. The "Golden Hind" began to leak and Drake entered what is now the bay of San Francisco. The natives worshiped the English because they thought Drake and his men were strange gods.

When the crew landed, Drake set up a large post upon which he nailed a brass plate. Upon the plate was engraved the name of Queen Elizabeth, the date of the "Golden Hind's" arrival and the name of Admiral Drake. Drake placed a picture of Queen Bess on the post and stuck a sixpence in a hole made in the brass plate. "I name this land New Albion," said Drake, "and since no Spaniard has set foot here, I claim this country in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England."

On July 23rd, 1578, Drake left San Francisco and sailed west across the Pacific. After sixty-eight days the "Golden Hind" reached the Philippines where Magellan had visited in the year 1521. From these islands Drake sailed south

to the East Indies and then across the Indian Ocean. Passing the Cape of Good Hope at the southern end of Africa, Drake turned his ship toward home.

On September 26th, 1580, the storm tossed "Golden Hind" sailed into the harbor of Plymouth. From Plymouth it had gone forth and to Plymouth it returned after



Elizabeth's visit to the "Golden Hind"

sailing around the world from sea to sea, from continent to continent.

Queen Elizabeth was well pleased with the work performed by Drake and his men. To show her gratitude, she paid a visit to "Golden Hind." There on the deck she bade him kneel and as he knelt, Elizabeth struck him lightly with

a sword, saying: "I dub thee Knight; and because thou wert so brave, henceforth thou shalt be called Sir Francis Drake." Besides granting this great favor, Elizabeth gave orders that the "Golden Hind" was never to be destroyed. Many years later, the good ship fell to pieces and ornaments were made from its wood. At Oxford, England, there is a chair made from the "Golden Hind"—the first English vessel to sail around the world.

The King of Spain was very angry with England because Queen Elizabeth allowed Drake to plunder the Spanish ships. The two countries soon became very jealous because each one feared that the other would gain the wealth of the New World. Soon open war broke out and Philip II of Spain resolved to invade England.



Philip II

From photographure of portrait by Titian in the Prado Museum, Madrid. By permission of Berlin Photographic Co.

While he was collecting a large fleet, Drake dashed across the Atlantic and did great damage to the Spanish colonies. He then returned to England and at the Queen's command, swooped down upon the Spanish coast. He defeated the Spaniards in their own home and burned many of their

ships. Drake then sent a letter to Queen Elizabeth in which he wrote, "I have singed the Spaniard's beard."

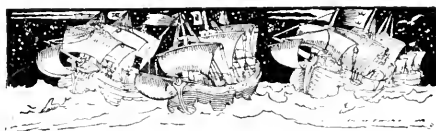
In 1588 Philip II was ready at last with the largest fleet ever assembled. This fleet was called the "Armada" and when the news of its coming reached England, the nation was greatly alarmed. All England rose in arms and Drake was made vice-admiral under Admiral Howard. But just as the great Armada reached the coast of England, a storm scattered the fleet. After three weeks, the attack was renewed. The Spanish ships formed in the shape of a crescent and proudly advanced up the English channel. But the rapid, well-trained English boats slipped in amongst the heavier Spanish vessels, fired their guns, and sailed away before the Spaniards could answer their shots. Drake sent blazing fire-ships among the invaders and scattered their boats in dreadful confusion. Soon the dashing English fighters under Howard drove back the mighty Armada in defeat. The Spaniards were utterly repulsed and sailed away without doing any damage. Storms scattered the Armada and many of the ships were wrecked on the coast of Scotland and only a few reached Spain. The mighty expedition, which was to have conquered England, thus ended in direful failure.

After the defeat of the Armada, Drake sailed again on another expedition to America. He was now over fifty years old. When sailing near Porto Rico he took sick and died, January 28th, 1596. As the leaden casket which contained his body was slowly lowered into the sea, cannon boomed out the funeral note, and two of his ships were



Battle between the British Fleet and the Armada

sunk to mark his last resting-place. When the great Admiral was lowered to his watery grave, the sailors were very sorrowful. "It is too bad," said one sailor to another, "Admiral Drake was good to us all. He treated his prisoners well and never was cruel to women or children. He shared his plunder even with the lowest seaman. There will never be another man like Francis Drake."



IT IS N'T RAINING RAIN TO ME

It is n't raining rain to me,
It 's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It is n't raining rain to me,
It 's raining roses down.

It is n't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets —
It is n't raining rain to me,
It 's raining violets.

Robert Loveman

HENRY HUDSON

1609

IN a counting-house in the city of Amsterdam, Holland, a meeting of merchants was being held. The Dutch traders wore rich garments of doublet and pantaloons with long cloaks over their shoulders and large ruffs about their necks. They were seated at a table and before them were maps and charts and many papers. The men were talking to each other when the door opened and all looked up to see the person who entered. He was tall and straight and was dressed in doublet and hose, and carried a broad cap which had a large feather in it. He was not a native of Holland for his face showed him to be an Englishman.

"Members of the Dutch East India Company," he said, bowing low to the men at the table, "I am Henry Hudson of England and I have come to see why you summoned me before you."

"Captain Hudson, you are welcome," replied one of the merchants as he rose from the table. "Please sit down and let me explain why we have called upon you to visit us."

"Since Holland won its freedom from Spain," the merchant said, "our little country has made great success in commerce, especially with the East Indies, in spices, silks, and tea. This trade is very profitable but much of our

profit is lost because the routes are so long. The way around the Cape of Good Hope is dangerous, while the one through the Strait of Magellan is in the hands of Spain who hates us. So we, the members of the Dutch East India Company, have studied the charts and we think that perhaps a shorter route may be found by sailing around



Henry Hudson before the Dutch East India Company

the north of Europe. We need a leader for the expedition and we thought of you. You are a famous explorer and have made two daring attempts to cross the Arctic Ocean to India. I hereby offer you the command of the expedition to find a northeast passage to India."

"I thank you for your kindness," answered Hudson, "I am sure that a short northeast passage would be a much

quicker way to India. In my two attempts I had to turn back because of the heavy ice. But I have already received an offer from the King of France to sail for him. Give me a day in which to decide. Then, if I do set out for your Company, I shall succeed."

Hudson left the room; but on the next day, he returned to the Dutch East India Company and accepted their offer. He signed his commission to sail around the north of Europe, and if he could not find a northeast passage, to return to Holland.

The Company fitted out a vessel for him which was called the "Half Moon." It was a small boat of only eighty-tons' burden with a lot deck and a high poop. Alongside of the large boats of to-day the "Half Moon" would seem like a tiny ship which a storm could easily sink.

In April 1609, with the Dutch flag flying at her mast, the clumsy "Half Moon" sailed from Holland. Hudson steered northeast up the coast of Holland and then along the shores of Norway. As he sailed farther north the cold increased and the sea became filled with broken ice which bumped and hindered the "Half Moon." Hudson attempted to push his way through these fields of broken ice, but soon the passage was blocked and he could not go on any further. The Dutch sailors feared that their boat would be frozen in on all sides by the ice and they would be unable to return, but would perish from cold and starvation.

Hudson did not wish to give up the attempt to find the northeast passage but now he had little hope of success.

As he sat in his cabin, the mate of the "Half Moon" came before him and saluted.

"Captain Hudson," said the mate, "the crew is murmuring against continuing the journey. They say that we shall all perish in the ice if we do not return soon. They ask that you sail back to Holland."

"I am afraid," replied Hudson sadly, "that the ice is too strong for our vessel. The Company ordered me to return to Holland if I did not find the northeast passage. But listen. Just before I left Amsterdam, my friend, Captain John Smith, who is in the new colony of Virginia, wrote me a letter. He said that he looked for a western strait to China but could not find any near the Chesapeake Bay. He thought that a passage might be found if one sailed farther north. I cannot return to Holland and say that I have failed. I have it! I shall sail and find the northwest passage through the New World! Tell the sailors I shall return — but not to Holland."

Soon the "Half Moon" was being tossed by the waves of the Atlantic. The storms were severe, and many times did the Dutch sailors think that they would perish in the deep. With the foremast broken off and the sails torn into tatters, the "Half Moon" reached the northeast coast of North America. In what is now Penobscot Bay, Hudson anchored and there repaired the "Half Moon." When the new mast, which was made from a tree growing on the coast, was put in place and the sails repaired, Hudson continued to sail down the coast. Passing Cape Cod, he went as far south as Chesapeake Bay. John Smith had told him

that there was no passage south of the Chesapeake so he turned about and traveled closely along the shore and watched carefully for an opening in the coast.

On September 3rd, 1609, Hudson beheld a splendid harbor and thinking that it might be the longed-for passage to



Henry Hudson

India, he steered the "Half Moon" into what is now known as New York Bay. In this beautiful wide harbor Hudson anchored the "Half Moon" and remained for a few days. At first the natives thought that the Dutch sailors were enemies and they attacked a party of the Dutch

who set out to explore the land. One of the sailors was killed and several were wounded by the arrows of the Indians. The natives were very curious to see the "great white bird," as they called the "Half Moon," and soon they became very friendly. On their trips to the boat, they brought tobacco, fruit, and furs, which they exchanged for knives, trinkets, and rum.

Hudson resolved to sail up this strait, which he thought would lead to India. Soon he came to a long, widening island where the waters of the harbor were divided into two large rivers. He turned his ship toward the left and entered the wonderful river which now bears his name. As the "Half Moon" sailed on and on, the Dutch sailors gazed in wonder at the beautiful country. On the left bank, great walls of rugged rock guarded the river, while on the right were rolling hills which were bright with colors of Autumn. As they sailed farther up the river, they beheld the picturesque Catskill Mountains with their sides and tops covered with the yellow and brown and red of the trees.

Along the way, Hudson made many stops to explore the country. While near what is now the town of Hudson, he stopped to visit an old Indian chief. When he came to the shore, he beheld a strongly built wigwam which was made of bark from the oak-tree. About the house, skins were drying and beans were piled for the winter's provision. When Hudson entered the hut, the Indian chief bowed in greeting. Two mats were then brought upon which the visitor sat while food was served in wooden bowls. In

order to show special honor to his guest, the chief sent forth two of his men with bows and arrows to shoot game. When they returned they had two pigeons with them. A dog was killed and quickly skinned by the natives who used shells to perform the work. It was then placed upon a fire to roast. This, the Indians considered a fine feast. Hudson enjoyed the kindness of the old chief but when night came he returned to the "Half Moon." The Indians were very sorry to see him go. They wished him to remain as their guest.

The "Half Moon" continued its journey up the river, but soon all the pleasure of the voyage was turned to disappointment. The water of the river was no longer salty! When Hudson saw this he knew that he was on some great river and that he had not discovered a western passage to Asia. To make sure he explored the river as far north as what is now Albany. Here the water was very shallow which showed that it could not lead to India.

So, in great disappointment, he turned the "Half Moon" about and sailed slowly down the river. His men made many trades with the Indians, eagerly buying the rich furs which the natives brought to the ship. When the signs of winter were seen, Hudson and his crew hastened to return home. On October 15th, they sailed from the harbor.

Hudson did not return directly to Holland but landed at Dartmouth in England. From this port, he sent the news of his discovery and exploration to the Dutch East India Company and asked for more men and money to

continue the work which he had begun. The Dutch merchants were pleased with Hudson's report and they sent word to him to return to Amsterdam to explain all about his trip.



Hudson Cast Adrift

When King James of England heard of this, he commanded Hudson to come to him at court.

"Captain Hudson," the King said, "I cannot let you go to Holland. You are an Englishman. If you are to make

any discoveries you should sail under England's flag and claim them for England."

So Henry Hudson remained in England, and in the early spring of 1610 he sailed with the English flag at the mast, to find a northwest passage. Reaching the coast of Labrador, he sailed northwest and entered the large bay which has received his name. It was early winter when his ship entered the bay and soon the great, cold winds from the north blew upon the waters and froze the English ship fast in the ice. During all the long winter Hudson and his crew were imprisoned by the heavy ice.

When spring came, Hudson wished to continue on his northwest journey but the crew rebelled. They rose in mutiny, seized Hudson and his little son and seven faithful sailors, and set them adrift in an open boat on the wind swept sea. Then the wicked crew turned the bow of the boat and sailed to England. When they arrived without Hudson the cruel sailors were seized and put in prison. Brave men set out from England to try and find Hudson but they searched in vain. Nowhere could they find any trace of the heroic explorer.

Henry Hudson was a brave and courageous leader. He attempted first to find a northeast passage and afterwards a northwest passage to India. He did not find either the northeast or the northwest passage but he discovered a mighty river and a great bay. Because of his brave work, the Dutch got possession of rich, new lands. Out upon the icy-cold seas of the north, Henry Hudson died a hero, loyal and true to his duty.

MANY FLAGS IN MANY LANDS

There are many flags in many lands,
There are flags of ev'ry hue;
But there is no flag however grand,
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

Then hurrah for the flag,
Our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars too;
There is no flag in any land
Like our own "Red, White and Blue."

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes,"
And we mean to be forever true
To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
"The Red, the White, and the Blue."

THE INDIANS

IN the valley of Onondaga in what is now northern New York, stood a large Indian village. It was the home of the mighty Iroquois nation which was the most powerful tribe among the Indians.

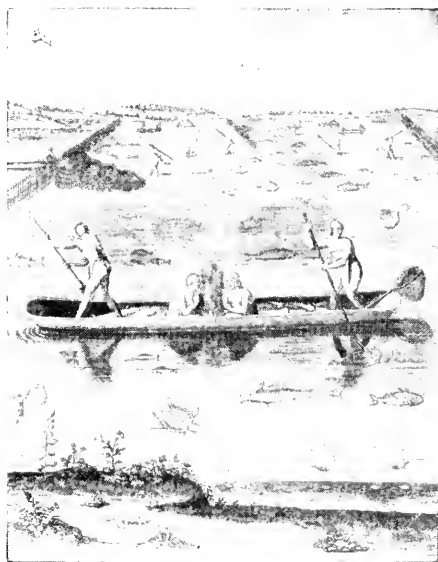
A young Indian boy with dark skin and straight black hair was standing near a large house built of bark. He was dressed in deerskin clothing; moccasins were on his feet; and in his hand he held a bow.

"Oo-oh!" called another Indian boy who came running up from the nearby woods. "Come, come Little Bear," said the boy as he approached. "We are playing war. They sent me to bring you. The boys want you to be chief."

"No, no!" answered Little Bear, "I will not go. I wish to stay until the council is over. Then I will see the great chiefs who are inside. They have come many miles to the council. Go, tell the boys I will not play."

Little Bear waited patiently outside the door of the council-house. Inside, the great chiefs were gathered together to talk about the war with their enemies, the Algonquins. The house had one large room, and on each side of the room there were seats for six mighty chiefs. Only the very great chiefs were allowed to attend the council. A famous warrior rose to speak and the others

smoked their pipes in silence and listened. The speaker sang his words instead of speaking them. When the council liked the words of the speaker, they said "Nee," which means "Yes." When the speech was over, all the chiefs exclaimed "Hoho," which showed that they were pleased with what the speaker said. Then two entered with a



Indians Fishing

From a book published in 1590

large kettle swinging on a pole which they carried across their shoulders. Each helped himself to the food in the kettle and ate the warm meat. After the meal was over, the chiefs silently left the council-house.

Little Bear was very proud when he saw the warriors come forth. He liked their great feathers and the scalps

at their belts. "Some day I shall be a great chief!" exclaimed Little Bear. "Then I will come to the council." Little Bear was only twelve years old, yet he was very strong. His father was a mighty warrior and had taught him how to shoot his bow. He learned to hunt and one day he shot a bear with his arrow. Little Bear felt very happy to be able to tell his father of his success.

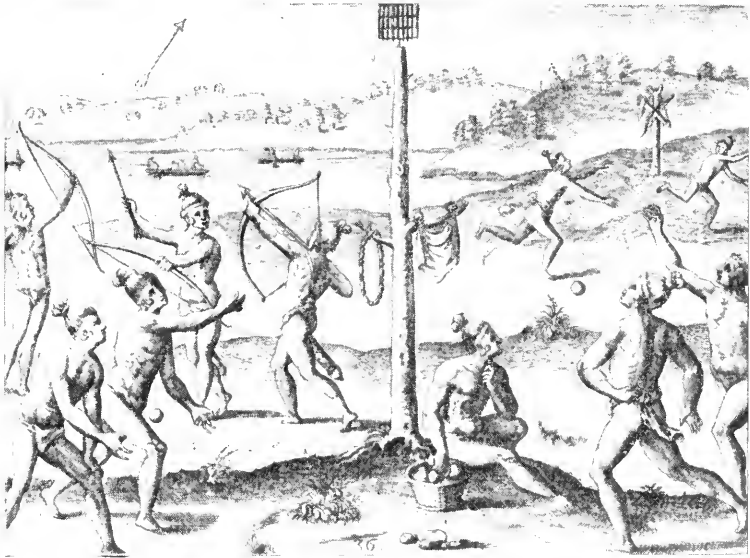
Little Bear did not have to study lessons in school-books. Instead he learned to run and jump, to swim across the rivers and to go many days without eating. His father taught him never to cry when he was hurt and Little Bear grew so brave that he did not mind even when he burnt his fingers or cut himself with his sharp knife.

When Little Bear was six years old, like all the other Indian boys, he fasted all day on a mountain-top. He could not eat any food but he prayed to the Great Spirit to make him a brave warrior. Many times did Little Bear fast. He was now waiting until he was sixteen years old. Then he would fast for five long days. After he had fasted, he would see the animal he had to kill. If he killed this animal, he took the skin and made a bag of it. The Indians believed that this bag protected them in battle.

Little Bear learned to wander through the forest without getting lost, how to build a campfire by rubbing two pieces of wood together and how to cook the meat of the animals he killed. He knew the names of all the flowers and he could imitate the call of the birds. He learned the war-cry of the warriors and how to fight the enemy.

His father never punished him, but Little Bear was always respectful to his elders. He was taught also to tell the truth except to his enemies.

But Little Bear did not learn to work. He never helped his mother in the garden or gathered wood for the fire. His sister, Pretty Star, had to do that work, for the

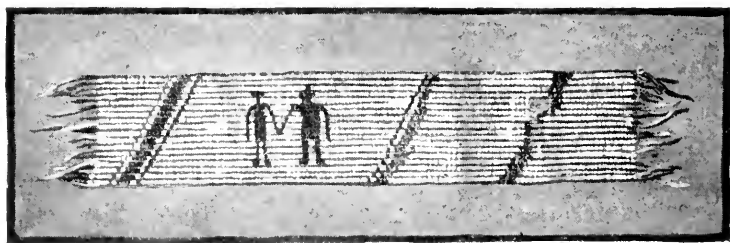


Games of the Indian Youths

Indian girls were taught to wait upon their fathers and brothers. Pretty Star helped her mother plant the corn. She gathered wood for the fire and minded the younger children. Her little baby-brother was strapped to a board and carried around on her mother's back, but Pretty Star played with her other sister and little brother. Sometimes

when the work was over, she would sit in the sun and sew beads on the soft skin of the deer which her father had killed in the hunt. With her mother's help she made belts of small black and white shells. These strips were called wampum and the Indians used it for money. Little Star loved her brother very much because he could run faster than all the other Indian boys and could throw the strongest in a wrestling-match.

Around Little Bear's house was a small garden and in it grew corn, tobacco, beans, and squash. Little Bear's mother and sister tended the garden, for the warriors spent their time hunting or fighting their enemies. The Indian squaw used a clam-shell tied to a stick as a hoe. In the camp-fire she would cook the meals. It was from



Wampum Belt, presented by Indians to William Penn

(By permission of the Library Company of Philadelphia.)

the Indians that the first settlers learned to make gruel and cakes from corn.

Little Bear's house was a large one. The Iroquois did not live in tents but many families lived together in the large houses they built. Poles were laid over posts which

were driven into the ground and over these poles there was a covering of elm bark. The sides slanted toward the roof and were made also of bark. Inside there was a central passage where the fires were built. Along the sides were



Flint Knife

apartments or stalls where the Indians sat or slept on skins. Overhead hung dried meat and long ears of corn.

While Little Bear's mother did all the hard work about the house, his father was a mighty warrior and spent many long days in hunting or fighting. He could run miles and miles without stopping and could fast for many days. When the war-cry was heard, he painted his body and taking his bow and arrows, he would march against the enemy. The Indians were very crafty and treacherous and when they captured an enemy they were very cruel. They tortured the captives and murdered the women and children. But when the Indian warrior was captured he was very brave. He would laugh when they hurt him and would die rather than show any fear.

When Henry Hudson sailed up the Hudson River, the Iroquois tribe was spread over all the land which came to be called New York. They were called the Five Nations because there were five tribes which were banded together — the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onandagas, and

Senecas. There were many other tribes which were smaller in number, but the Iroquois was the ruling tribe.

Each tribe had its own chief and was divided into clans.

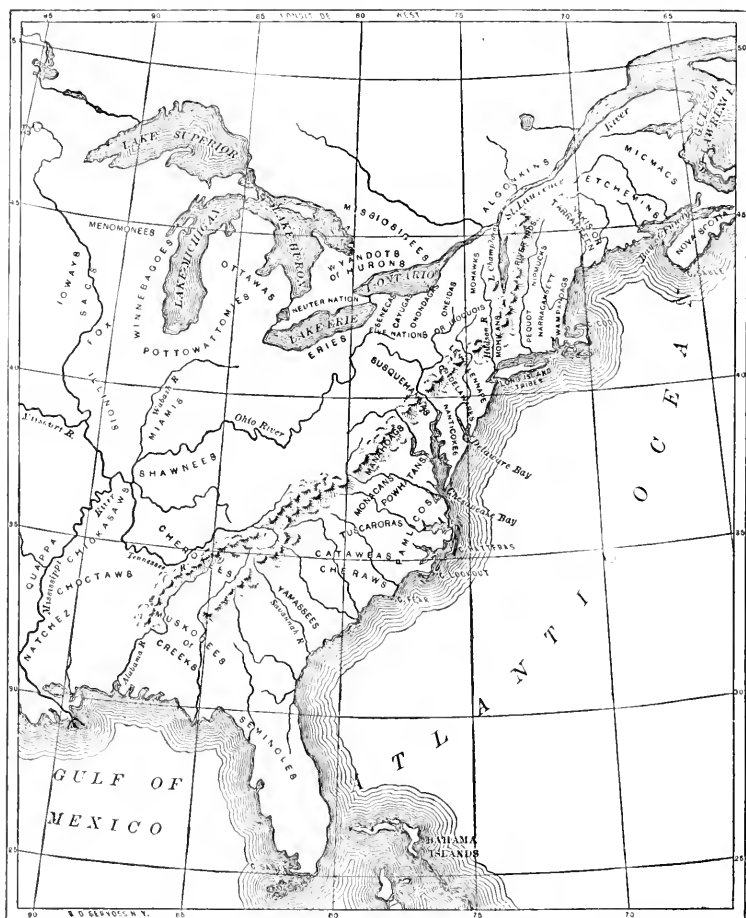


Chart showing the approximate location of the more prominent Indian tribes when first known to Europeans

Each clan had its own emblem which was called the totem. This totem was generally an animal such as the bear or wolf. By the members of the clan, the animal which was their totem was held sacred and must not be killed. The highest clan among the Indians were those of the "Bear" and the "Wolf." Little Bear's father belonged to the clan of the Wolf and Little Bear was very proud because some day he, too, would be a warrior in the clan of the Wolf.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
“Minne-wawa!” said the pine-trees.
“Mudway-aushka!” said the water.—
Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes;
And he sang the song of Children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

“Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids?”—
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water;
Saw the fleets and shadows on it;

Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "Once a warrior very angry,
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her
 Up into the sky at midnight;
 Right against the moon he threw her;
 'T is her body that you see there."—
 Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
 In the eastern sky, the rainbow;
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "'T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
 All the wild-flowers of the forest,
 All the lilies of the prairie,
 When on earth they fade and perish,
 Blossom in that heaven above us."
 When he heard the owls at midnight,
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,
 "What is that?" he cried in terror;
 "What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "That is but the owl and owlet,
 Talking in their native language,
 Talking, scolding at each other.
 Then the little Hiawatha
 Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned their language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

H. W. Longfellow

JACQUES CARTIER

1534

“HURRAH for the King!” “Long live the King of France!” On the dock of the town of St. Malo in north-western France, soldiers and sailors and townspeople were gathered. They were bidding farewell to two little ships which were sailing out of the harbor. Handkerchiefs were waving and caps were tossed in the air while the people shouted: “Long live the King!” “Hurrah for Jacques Cartier!” The ships sailed farther away and grew smaller and smaller until at last they vanished from sight. When the townspeople could not see the ships any longer, they returned one by one to their quiet homes.

On board the vessels which sailed away were Jacques Cartier and his crew of one hundred and twenty men. Their King wished them to explore the part of America called “New France.” So with Cartier in command, they set out across the sea in 1534.

As the vessels sailed on and on, no storms arose; the air was calm and the ocean was smooth. In twenty days, the black shores of Labrador rose up before the French sailors. When Cartier saw this barren land, he was discouraged for he thought that all the land would be like Labrador. But soon they sailed into the gulf, which Car-

tier called the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and there they saw a land of rich forests and flowers. The banks of the river were bright with blossoms while here and there the explorers saw the Indians gazing at them in wonder.

Cartier sailed up the broad river until he came to a high bluff where he and his crew landed. They named this hill Cape Gaspe and on its summit Cartier erected a



Cartier's landing at Cape Gaspé

very large cross. On this cross the French sailors placed a shield on which was written "Long live the King." The Indians gathered about the strangers, and Cartier gave them beads and knives which pleased them very much. Cartier lured two Indians on board his ship. When they wished to return, he kept them prisoners so that he might show them to his King in France.

The Frenchmen now sailed farther on up the river. But the winds were too strong, and in a short time Cartier turned his ships about and sailed for France. He was eager to tell his King of the wonderful land he had seen.

When Cartier reached France and told of the new country he had visited, the French people were greatly excited, especially when they beheld the strange-looking Indians. Thinking that the St. Lawrence was a short way to China, the King of France resolved to send another expedition to the new country. There was no difficulty about procuring money or sailors, and soon the expedition was made ready.

In 1535 Cartier again sailed from his native town of St. Malo, and this time he commanded three ships and one hundred and ten sailors. On this voyage across the Atlantic, heavy gales blew the vessels out of their course, and seven weeks passed before Cartier sailed into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

As the French ships entered the bay, many Indians paddled out to the boats in birch-bark canoes and some climbed up over the sides of the vessels. The two Indians whom Cartier had taken away on his last voyage had learned the French language, and by means of them Cartier spoke with the natives. The Indians were pleased with the presents Cartier gave them. The two Indians who had returned from France dressed in brilliant colors and wearing the large feathers of a mighty chief told the Indians that Cartier was their friend.

Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence and passing many

islands came to the Indian village of Stadacona. Here the chief, who was called Donacona, came forth with many of his warriors to meet Cartier. While the Indian chief was speaking his words of welcome, the squaws of the tribe sang songs and danced in a queer manner.

Donacona told Cartier of a large city which was situated farther up the river. But when Cartier said he wished to see this town, which was named Hochelaga, the chief was displeased. He did not wish Cartier to sail up the St. Lawrence.

"There are great fields of ice," the Indian said. "You will perish. Great big animals will attack you. Do not go."

When Cartier answered that he was not afraid, Donacona tried to frighten him. Three Indians "with faces painted as black as coal, with horns as long as the arm, covered with skins of black and white dogs," paddled down past the French ships. They sang a weird song as they sailed along in their canoes.

"See, see," said Donacona, "they are messengers from the Indian god who forbids you to sail up the river. You will perish because there is so much snow and ice."

Cartier only laughed at this trick and, to teach the Indians that he did not fear them, he had one of his men shoot off a cannon. The loud noise so terrified the Indians that they no longer desired to stop Cartier.

The French sailors then proceeded up the St. Lawrence and in a short time they came to the town of Hochelaga. A large palisade or wall of trees stood surrounding the

town, and Cartier entered through the one gate which was built in the wall. Inside there were many low huts or cabins from which hurried hordes of women and children. There were over twelve hundred inhabitants and they lived in large families in the low cabins which were fifty in number.

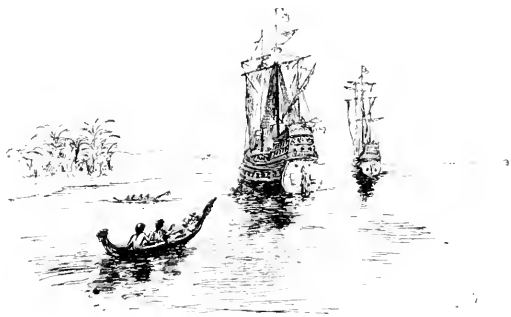
With shouts of joy, the Indians welcomed Cartier and his men. They gathered in wonder about the Frenchmen for they thought the sailors were gods. At night bonfires were lighted and the Indians danced their strange dances. Cartier sat around the camp-fire with the Indian chief and his braves. After words of welcome many sick Indians came to Cartier for they were sure that he could cure them of their ills. But Cartier could only pray for them and he gave them knives and trinkets, and the Indians seemed happy.

The Indian chief then took Cartier and his men to the top of a nearby mountain. When the Frenchmen beheld the wonderful view of wide plains with glistening rivers and green forests, they were greatly pleased. Cartier called this hill Mount Royal, from which the city of Montreal received its name.

Cartier decided to spend the winter on the banks of the St. Lawrence but before their fort was completely built, a terrible blizzard swept down upon them. Their ships were frozen in the ice and snow was piled in great drifts. The Frenchmen suffered from the intense cold and they huddled together in their little fort. A sickness, called the scurvy, broke out amongst them and almost a hundred of

their number died in a short time. An Indian visited them one day and said that they might be cured if they drank the tea made from the leaves of a tree which grew nearby. Immediately the sick sailors rushed forth and with their axes chopped down the tree. So eagerly did they drink the tea that in six days the large tree was used up for medicine.

When spring came, Cartier resolved to return to France. He built a large cross and placed it where his fort had



Early Voyagers

stood. Seizing Donacona and four other chiefs, Cartier made them prisoners on his ship and sailed away from the St. Lawrence. Within a month, the French vessels sailed once more into the harbor of St. Malo.

Five years later, in 1541, Cartier again sailed to the St. Lawrence. The expedition was made ready by a French nobleman named Roberval. But Roberval stayed in France when the ships left and Cartier was captain-general.

When Cartier met the Indians they asked: "Where are Donacona and our other chiefs whom you took away?"

"They are dead," replied Cartier. The chiefs had pined away and died soon after they had left their native forests.

The Indians were very angry when they heard this and they no longer welcomed the French. In revenge, they attacked the French fort when Cartier was absent and killed many of his men.

The expedition proved a failure and Cartier returned to France. But in 1543 he made another voyage to the St. Lawrence. After that, he returned to his home in St. Malo, where he died in 1577.

Cartier won for France the land of Canada. Soon after his voyage fur-trading stations sprang up, but more than sixty years passed away before the coming of Champlain and the founding of the first settlement.

OBEDIENCE

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it, really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready.

Phoebe Cary

CHAMPLAIN

1603

SIXTY-EIGHT years had passed since the coming of Cartier to the region of the St. Lawrence, when in 1603 another fleet flying the French flag sailed up the river.

On the deck of one of the ships stood the commander talking with two Indians of the Algonquin tribe. He was a strong, straight man with the bearing of a soldier, for he had fought in the armies of France and Spain. His name was Samuel de Champlain. On the voyage from France he had learned the Indian language, and now he conversed with the two Indians.

"See those tall cliffs," said one of the Indians as the boat passed a narrow place in the river; "that is called 'Kebec' which means 'a narrow place.'"

"That would be a splendid site for a settlement," answered Champlain. "Some day I shall plant a colony there. But where is the village of Stadacona which Cartier visited?"

Soon they came to the site of the Indian village, but nothing of it remained. Still farther on, they arrived at the place where Hochelaga once stood, but the Indian tribe which had dwelt there had vanished and their log huts had disappeared. Only the vast woods remained. Cham-

plain spent much time in exploring the country and was delighted with the beauty of the wide-stretching forests.

"Beyond is a great sea," said the Indians as they pointed toward the West. "Let us go. White man will be pleased."

Champlain was very eager to see this body of water which the natives called "Ontario," for he thought that



Samuel de Champlain

it might be the Pacific Ocean. But when August came, Champlain hastened to return to France before the winter should overtake him. So with many rich furs purchased from the Indians he left the waters of the St. Lawrence.

Champlain spent the winter at the court of the French King. While on his journeys, he had kept an account of all he had seen and from this diary he now wrote a book

which he entitled "The Savages." It was a very interesting book for it told about the new land and described the life and customs of the Indians.

Champlain resolved to plant a colony in the New World and so in 1604 he sailed once more from France. On this voyage, the explorers did not sail up the St. Lawrence, but passing the coast of Nova Scotia they came to the Bay of Fundy, into which flows the St. Croix River. It was here on an island in the St. Croix that Champlain decided to land. About eighty men came from the ships and soon all were at work. The woods echoed with the sound of their axes as they chopped down the tall trees and hewed them into suitable lengths for the building of their cabins. When their four houses were completed and a palisade had been built, the ships sailed back to France to return the next spring with more settlers and fresh supplies.

The long dreary winter then set in, and the brave settlers suffered great hardships. The fierce wind drove the snow high up against the houses, the river was frozen, and the air was sharp with the keen frost. So cold was it that the French colonists could not long venture out from their houses, and even indoors the log fires could not keep out the chilly blasts. The scurvy broke out among the pent-up settlers, and during the five long months of that winter thirty-five men died and many were very ill. When the warm days of June came, the ships bringing fresh food arrived, and the colonists grew well and strong again.

The settlers felt that their present colony was exposed too much to the storms of winter, so Champlain sought a

more sheltered spot. Crossing the Bay of Fundy, the French made a new settlement which they called Port Royal. Again they built log cabins, but this time they took care to make them snug and warm.

In order to provide against the winter, Champlain established the "Order of Mirth." This was a merry company composed of fifteen of the strongest hunters, the leader of whom was called the "Grand Master." When Champlain had chosen the men for the "Order of Mirth," he said: "It shall be your duty to provide us with meat which must always be fresh. You, Jean, shall be Grand Master to-day. To-morrow, Jacques, you shall be Grand Master, and so on until all have served in turn."

The sturdy hunters liked this idea. During the day when the rest of the settlers worked about the place, the members of the Merry Order were busy hunting and fishing. When evening came, all were hungry and ready for dinner.

Into the hall the Grand Master would march, followed by his company who bore large, steaming platters of sweet-smelling meat and fish. After them came the settlers, and as they marched they sang the jovial songs of France. When the meal was over, pipes were lit and the colonists smoked in silence as one of their number told tales of adventure or roared in laughter at the witty things which were said. The Indians were frequent visitors and they would come and squat on the floor and watch with great enjoyment the antics of the French.

Thus in merriment and hard work the winter was passed.

While Champlain and a few of his men were away exploring the country, the colony was left in charge of a busy, bustling, man named Lescarbot. He was very pleasant and jovial, and the colonists liked to work for him. He taught them how to make bricks and to build brick furnaces. Under his direction, a water-mill was made for grinding corn and he showed the settlers how to get tar and turpentine from the sap of trees. During the next three years, many carpenters, masons, and blacksmiths arrived from France, and the colony grew very prosperous.

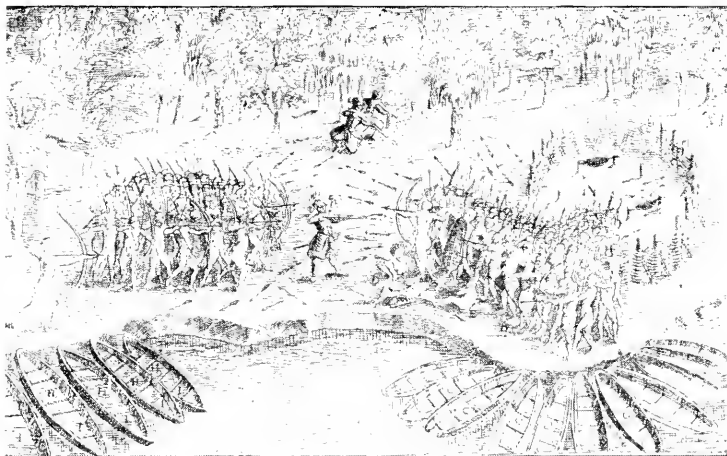
In 1607 Champlain returned to France, and while he was there the King made him the Governor of New France. When he returned to Port Royal, he decided to seek a new place for the colony. He chose the narrow place in the St. Lawrence which the Indians had called "Kébec" and here in 1608, with the old colonists from Port Royal and new settlers from France, he founded the settlement of Quebec.

Once again the colonists fell to work cutting down trees for their houses. While they were busily at work, Jean Duval, a rough blacksmith, plotted with some of the settlers to kill Champlain. When Champlain heard of this plot, he summoned Duval before him. Witnesses were heard, and Duval was declared guilty. Champlain ordered Duval to be hanged while his followers were sent to France where the King pardoned them at Champlain's request.

The settlers had built three houses and around these they erected a wall to protect them from the attack of the Indians. The winter proved to be a very severe one and the settlers

suffered from the intense cold, while many died from sickness.

The Algonquin Indians had been very friendly with Champlain; and when they asked Champlain to help them in their war with the Iroquois, Champlain agreed to assist



Champlain fighting the Iroquois

From Champlain's book, published in 1613

them. Because of his coat-of-mail, the Indians called Champlain the "Man-with-the-Iron-Breast."

With a small body of sixty Frenchmen and Indians, Champlain set out in canoes against the hostile Iroquois. This tribe was the strongest nation among the Indians and was greatly feared by every other tribe. Champlain sailed up the Richelieu River until he came to a beautiful lake which was dotted with pretty islands. This lake he called "Lake Champlain."

On the shores of this lake the French and Algonquins met the Iroquois. The Iroquois had over two hundred warriors and with fearful yells they fell upon the little attacking force. But when the guns of Champlain and his men spoke out, the Iroquois turned and fled in terror. The Algonquins were proud because they had defeated their old enemies, the Iroquois. But the quarrel was very bad for the French settlers. From that time on the Iroquois were always the enemies of the French and for many years afterwards they attacked the French villages and murdered the inhabitants.

Champlain spent many years in exploring the surrounding country. He always kept an account of all the things he had seen, and made maps and charts of the places he visited. With the Indians as guides, he pushed his way west to Lake Ontario and Lake Huron. He also traveled many miles over what is now New York State.

All this time the settlement at Quebec was flourishing. Along the river many trading-posts had sprung up. So many inhabitants came to New France that in 1611 the colony of Montreal was founded farther up the St. Lawrence.

During the years that passed by, the colonies of New France grew large and prosperous. Champlain said that "the salvation of a single soul was worth more than the conquest of an Empire." So, in order to convert the Indians, Champlain brought Catholic missionaries from France who went bravely among the savages teaching them to worship God.

After a long life of hardship and toil in the new country which he loved so much, Champlain died in 1635 and was buried near the town of Quebec which he had founded and protected. Champlain was a fearless soldier who underwent many dangers in order to explore and settle "New France" as Canada was then called. He always treated the Indians justly and made them his friends. As a result of his work, the first permanent settlement was made in Canada.

HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause;
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,—
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Joseph Hopkinson

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1585

GAY nobles, dressed in bright colors of satin and velvet, stood about as Queen Elizabeth walked from her castle toward the boat. Rain had fallen a short time before, and muddy pools were here and there in the street.

At the crossing the Queen stopped before a muddy place, for she did not wish to spoil her pretty shoes. As she glanced about, a tall, handsome knight, dressed in a magnificent suit of satin and velvet, took his cloak from his shoulders. It was a most beautiful cloak of crimson and gold lace. With a graceful sweep, the knight laid it over the muddy crossing. The Queen with dainty steps walked over the cloak to dry ground on the other side.



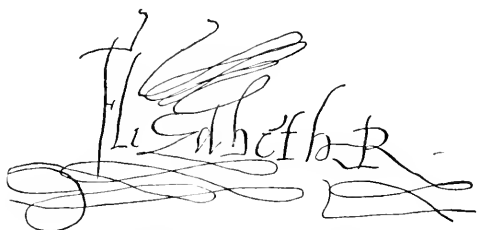
Sir Walter Raleigh

"Walter Raleigh, you are a most gracious knight," said the Queen as she smiled on the courtier.

The Queen and her ladies then passed on to her boat. But Queen Elizabeth did not forget the kindness of Raleigh and one day she ordered him to come and see her.

"I have heard much of you," said Queen Elizabeth; "you were born in Devonshire, I believe, and you served gallantly in France and in Ireland with my troops. I wish to make you my adviser and I desire you to remain at court."

Walter Raleigh was greatly pleased with the Queen's words. He loved the gay life of the court with its dances and balls and fine fashions. He was a very handsome man and by virtue of his courtly manners and pleasant character he became a great favorite.



Autograph of Queen Elizabeth

But Raleigh was a deep thinker and a good statesman. One day he said to Queen Elizabeth: "Queen Elizabeth, many of our working-men cannot find work to do. Their pay is small and they are very poor. You have vast lands in America. If they were inhabited by your subjects, you would be building a new English nation and gaining great wealth in commerce. Why cannot I send out colonists to live there? They would have plenty of land to cultivate; they could build homes and be happy."

"You are right," answered the Queen; "I shall give you permission to send out colonists."

So Queen Elizabeth gave Raleigh a charter on March 25th, 1584. It allowed him to send out settlers to occupy the lands of America which were not actually possessed by any other Christian nation. These colonists were to have all the privileges enjoyed by the free citizens of England, while Raleigh was to have power to punish, pardon, and govern the people. The laws were to be just like the laws of England. For these favors Queen Elizabeth required that one-fifth of all the treasure that was found should be given to her.

Raleigh did not know whither to send his colonists, so in 1584 he despatched two vessels to find a place suited for a colony. After sailing up and down the coast, the ships found a good harbor and anchored near the island of Roanoke. The sailors were delighted with the new land which abounded in grapes and beautiful plants and trees.

So pleased were they that they spoke very highly of the place when they returned to Raleigh. The Queen heard Raleigh's report and she named the land "Virginia" in honor of herself because she was called the "Virgin Queen."

It took a great amount of money to fit out an expedition to colonize Virginia, but the Queen helped Raleigh to collect a sufficient amount of money for the work. In April 1585, the expedition was ready and sailed away with four hundred men on board. Raleigh did not go with the band of colonists, but remained at the Queen's court in England. Because of his great work in fitting out the

expedition, Queen Elizabeth made Raleigh a knight with the title, Sir Walter Raleigh.

After sailing around the West Indies, the colonists landed on Roanoke Island. Immediately all began to search for gold and no one would do the work of building



At old Fort Raleigh

Showing also the site of the home of Virginia Dare

houses or growing crops. The colonists were very lazy and quarrelsome and soon made the Indians their enemies.

A year passed and the colonists were discouraged and homesick. They had not provided food for themselves and the Indians refused to supply them with provisions.

One day Sir Francis Drake appeared with food and news

from England. When he attempted to leave, the colonists left the island and returned with Drake to England. As Drake and the disheartened settlers sailed from the coast, a vessel from England bringing provisions and supplies, arrived at Roanoke only to find the place deserted.

Thus was the first English colony in America a failure. But Raleigh was not discouraged and soon another expedition was fitted out to make another attempt. John White was placed in command of a company of one hundred and fifty settlers. They sailed in April 1587, and landed on Roanoke Island. During the summer the colonists were busy building houses and planting corn and tobacco. It was at this time that a baby-girl was born to the daughter of John White. Her name was Virginia Dare and she was the first English child born in America.

When the winter was near at hand, and the supplies were low, Governor White called the colonists together.

"Our supplies will soon give out," said Governor White. "I shall go to England and get more provisions and return as soon as possible. If you should move from this island, put up a sign on a tree telling where I am to find you."

Governor White then returned to England and left one hundred and seventeen colonists on Roanoke Island. When he reached England, there was great excitement and fear because of the Spanish Armada. No one cared about the tiny colony in Virginia, and Governor White could not find any one to help him. Two years passed before he again sailed to America. This time there were two ships but

Governor White was not in command; he was only a passenger.

The vessels reached Roanoke. All was quiet and still. The few houses were tottering in ruin, and weeds were growing in the gardens once kept by the colonists. When Governor White landed, he beheld a tree upon which was carved the name "Croatoan." This was an island about sixty miles away. The commander of the vessels refused to sail to Croatoan and, despite the prayers of Governor White, he steered his ships toward England. The colonists were never found. Five expeditions were sent out by Raleigh but each returned with the same sad story.

Again did the colony in Virginia end in failure. Raleigh spent a great fortune in his brave attempt to plant a colony in the New World. But while he was not successful himself, he began a great work which was to end finally in success.

While Queen Elizabeth lived, Raleigh was a great favorite at court and received many favors. But when Queen Elizabeth died in 1603 and James I became King, the enemies of Raleigh plotted against him more boldly. He was accused of treason and cast into prison. In 1618 Sir Walter Raleigh was tried and put to death. He lived long enough to see the colony of Jamestown grow in size and prosperity.

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

Phoebe Cary



PART II
CIVICS

THE COMING OF THE IMMIGRANTS

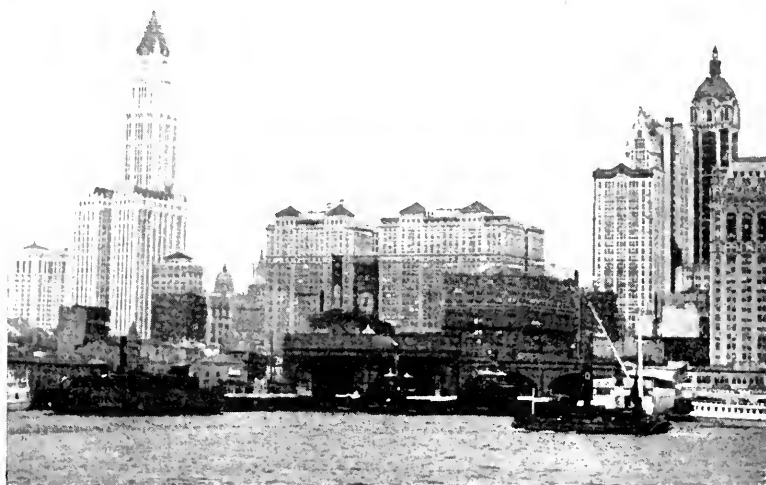
THE great Atlantic liner was slowly steaming into the harbor of New York. Its decks were high above the water and dense smoke poured forth from its three large funnels. The pilot had just been taken on board and was now standing at the steering wheel, guiding the vessel safely along the narrow channel.

Upon the higher decks, people were moving about here and there. Some were making preparations for the landing; some were gazing at the passing ships; while others bade farewell to their friends and the acquaintances whom they had met on the voyage.

Down on the lowest deck in the stern of the boat many men and women and children were gathered together. They were the immigrants who had left their native lands to find new homes in America.

They wore odd-looking garments. Most of the women had shawls about their heads and heavy shoes on their feet, and their dresses were made of bright-colored cloth. The men wore fur caps and rough suits of homespun with heavy boots on their feet. Some of the men had long beards which made them seem much older than they were. The immigrants seemed frightened at the strange sights and noises and they chatted to each other in their strange sounding languages. Yet they seemed happy, for the long voyage was

over and they were near America at last. How they had dreamed and longed for America! Afar off in the little villages of Russia and Italy and Austria they had heard of this wonderful land of freedom. They had been told of this country where all men are equal and where there was



From a photograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood

Lower New York from North River

work and opportunity for all. They had saved all their money in order to sail away over the ocean to the beautiful land of America. They had said good-by to their relatives and friends and had set out in the great boat. They were happy because they would soon be in the land of liberty. They did not care how they had suffered, for their journey was over at last! Soon they would be free.

At the stern of the ship stood a man and a woman with a little boy. They were Russians and they had left their country to find wealth in America. The man was named Ivan Ruma and his clothes were rough and old. His face was very kind and he seemed happy. His wife was dressed in a red dress of homespun and she seemed afraid of the noise and strange sights. The little boy was about ten years old and his suit was made of coarse cloth. His shoes were very heavy and had nails in the soles to save them from wearing out. He was not frightened but he gazed in wonder at the countless kinds of boats that passed by.

The ship sailed up the bay until it passed close by the Statue of Liberty.

"Look! look! Joseph," said the man to his little boy. "Oh, I am so glad. See, it is the Statue of Liberty. Remember our cousin told us about this statue. There it stands to welcome the stranger to the land of Freedom. Ah! Joseph, I have worked hard in order to be able to come to America. Here in this new country, we shall grow rich very soon."

"I am glad, too," replied Joseph, "for now I can go to school and learn many things. Some day I shall be a great man."

"Yes, yes," said Joseph's father. "You shall go to school and perhaps some day you will be a great man. It will be different from the days in Russia."

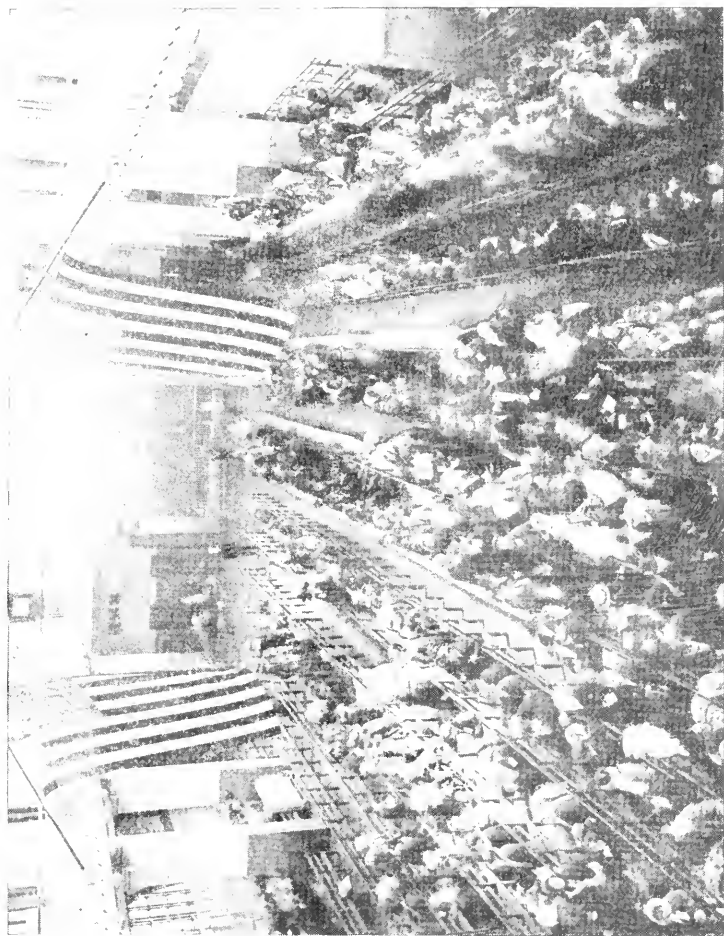
As Ivan and his son stood talking, the ocean-liner crept up the river past the tall buildings to its pier. There was shouting and noise as the people hurried from the boat to meet their friends.

But the immigrants did not go ashore like the other people. Each one was given a number; and when all were ready, the officers led them with their baggage to another boat. This boat was smaller than the ocean-liner and carried them to Ellis Island. This island is the immigrant station where the immigrants are kept until the officers are sure that the strangers are healthy and will make good citizens.

Ivan and his family went with the other immigrants to Ellis Island and here all hands had a dinner of meat and bread and fruit. After dinner, the strangers were arranged in line, and two doctors in white uniforms examined them. Those who were ill were placed on one side. The members of Ivan's family were strong so the doctors allowed them to pass. Many people wept; the doctors said they could not enter the United States because they were ill.

Ivan was then brought before another officer who asked him many questions. Ivan answered them very well and when he said that he had twenty-five dollars and that his cousin was waiting for him in New York, the officer allowed him to pass by.

The next day, Ivan and Joseph and his mother again went onto the boat which had carried them to Ellis Island. This time they were free and soon they landed at the dock in New York. Everywhere people were hurrying about, and there was a great lot of noise. Ivan and his family seemed very much frightened but, while they waited in the large room at the pier, they were overjoyed to see their cousin Max who had come to meet them.



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood

In the Registration Room at Ellis Island

"Welcome! welcome!" cried Max. "At last you have reached America."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Ivan. "I am so glad!"

"Come," said Max. "You shall come to my house. There you shall live until you find work to do. You are welcome."

So Ivan and Joseph and his mother went with cousin Max to his house which they thought was wonderful. Here they stayed while Ivan looked for work which would make him rich.

THE STAR OF FREEDOM

Brightly the star of Freedom shines,
Beaming with light and gladness;
Waking to life new scenes of joy,
Driving away all sadness.
Hail to our country, stout and brave,
Land of our deepest devotion;
In ev'ry clime her flag doth wave,
On ev'ry swelling ocean.

O dear Columbia, glorious land!
Ever we love and bless thee;
Thy rights we'll ever brave defend
From those who dare oppress thee.
Thy laws are just, thy sons are brave,
Sacred each loyal feeling;
Round our loved flag we firm unite,
Round Freedom's altar kneeling.

JOSEPH GOES TO SCHOOL

It was early summer when Ivan and his family landed in America. When September came, Ivan said to his son: "Joseph, you must go to school."

Little Joseph was very eager to go to the fine school building which stood near his home. He seemed very shy at first, because there were so many boys and girls. But soon Joseph liked the boys because they called him "Joe."

The teacher was kind to Joseph and he studied hard to please her. When the teacher gave out pretty readers, Joseph thought they were handsome. He was very eager to read them and to know what the pictures meant. Joseph was so bright that soon he was promoted to a higher grade. This pleased him very much, and he felt glad when his father praised him.

As the days passed by, Joseph advanced in his studies. He could read and write well and he liked to do sums in arithmetic, which the teacher wrote on the blackboard. When February came, Joseph was again promoted and now seemed to be in a very high grade.

One day the teacher asked one of the boys of Joseph's class a question.

"Where do we get our fine schools?" asked the teacher.

When the boys and girls could not answer this question, Miss Hall said: "I will tell you all about our schools.

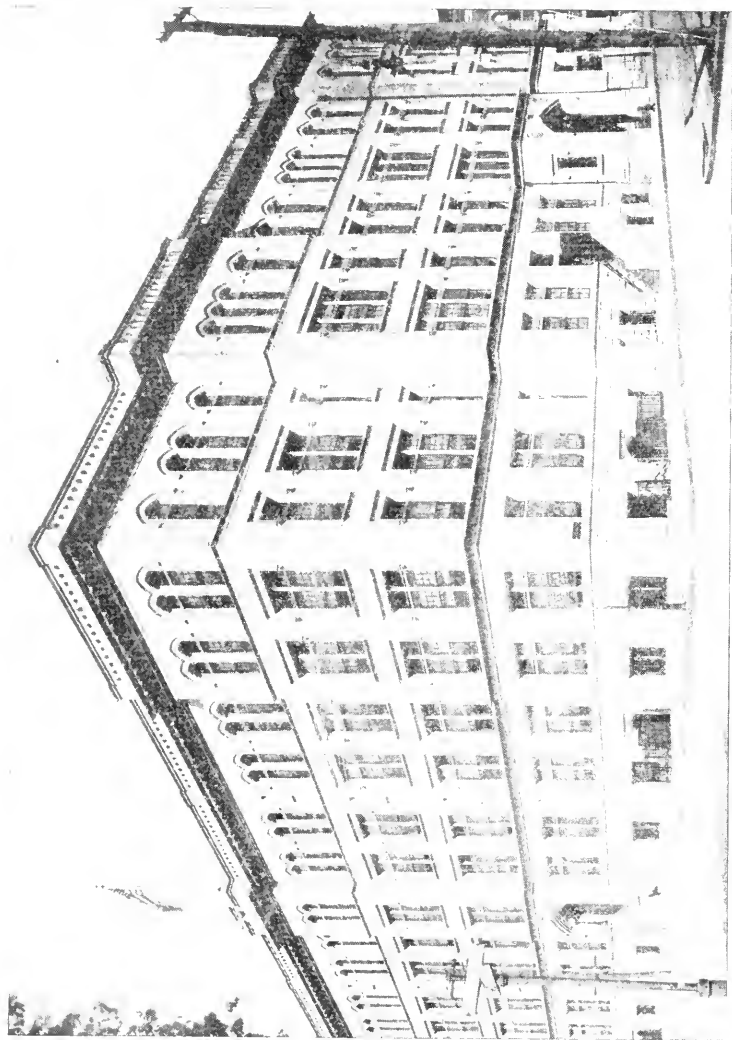
For if you understand about them, I am sure you will be eager to learn your lessons and you will be careful not to destroy the school property."

"If you wished to build a house," said Miss Hall, "you would have to have wood and stone and bricks. And in order to get these things, you would have to pay money to the merchants before they would give them to you. Now our city must do the same thing when it builds and provides for our schools. When a new school is built, our city pays a great amount of money to the men who build the school. And, also, it must pay for our books and pencils and chalk.

"But where do you think our city gets all this money? In order to pay for our schools, each citizen is taxed. If a man owns property, he must pay a certain sum of money to the city. In turn our parents who pay rent pay more rent to the landlord in order to help with this tax. So you see, we must all pay for our schools, for if there were no schools, our parents would have smaller rents because the landlord would not have to pay so large a tax.

"All our school matters are taken care of by a body of men which is called the Board of Education. They provide new schools as these are needed, pass laws, and say when our schools shall close for the holidays.

"The Board of Education appoints a City Superintendent who has charge of all the schools throughout the city. He puts into effect the laws passed by the Board of Education and sees that our schools are well conducted and are kept at a high standard.



Public School 25, Bronx

“ The City Superintendent is assisted by several men who are called Associate Superintendents. The city is divided in many school districts. Each school district has a number of schools in it and they are governed by the District Superintendent. He sees that all the children of school age are attending school and that the work of each school is being well done.

“ Now, of course, you can tell me who has charge of each school. It is the principal. The principal supervises all the classes of each school, follows out the instructions of the superintendent, and makes sure that the studies of each class is being well done. He also must see that discipline is well kept and that truants are brought back to school.

“ Then comes the teacher, who has charge of a class. The teacher spends many years in study in order to be able to teach the boys and girls of her class. She knows what must be done during each day and she knows especially what is good for the pupils. You should always try to obey her, because she works hard to teach you what is right and useful.

“ You see what a wonderful school-system we have. In the smaller towns, the schools are managed by a board of trustees who govern like our Board of Education. Throughout New York State, education is governed by a State Board of Education which is called the Board of Regents. The head of this Board is called the Commissioner of Education.

“ We should take great pride in our schools for they make

good citizens of our boys and girls and help them to live useful lives. A great amount of money, millions of dollars, is needed to support our schools, to provide new buildings, and to supply books and pencils and paper. Each citizen must share in paying for our great schools. Some day you will share in paying taxes for the support of our schools, just as your parents are paying taxes now. So you should be careful of the school property. You should try to protect it and study hard in order to be good citizens.

"But, most of all, you should be proud of your schools, because without schools we should become savages. Without schools, there would no longer be civilization. Then we should have continued strife, and no one would be happy. We should love our schools because they make us good citizens and help us to lead useful lives."

Smile once in a while

'T will make your heart seem lighter ;

Smile once in a while

'T will make your pathway brighter.

Life's a mirror ; if we smile,

Smiles come back to greet us ;

If we're frowning all the while,

Frowns forever meet us.

Phoebe Cary

JOSEPH BECOMES A NEWSBOY

"FATHER," said Joseph one day, "why can't I help you? Some of the boys of my school sell papers during the afternoons. Perhaps I can sell papers, too, and earn some money."

"That is a good thought," answered Joseph's father. "Perhaps you can earn money to buy shoes and clothes."

"To-morrow, I shall ask my teacher," said Joseph.

On the next day, Joseph said to his teacher: "Please, Miss Hall, I should like to sell papers. Do you know how I am to begin? Do I need a badge like the other boys?"

"The law says," answered Miss Hall, "that no boy under ten may sell papers at all. Now if you are over ten years old but not yet fourteen, you do need a badge or permit. You are eleven years old, Joseph, so you must go to the principal and he will tell you what to do."

When Joseph asked the principal about permission, the principal asked Joseph many questions.

"How old are you, Joseph?" asked the principal.

"I am eleven years old," answered Joseph.

"Well, Joseph," said the principal, "the law requires that the permit to sell newspapers must state the date of birth of the child, and the address of his parent or guardian. The permit must tell the color of his hair and eyes, his

height and weight, and any facial marks. Now since you are only eleven years old, you must fill out this blank."

The principal then handed Joseph a blank with spaces to be filled in.

P. S. NO. DISTRICT NO. PERMIT NO.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

APPLICATION FOR NEWSBOY'S PERMIT AND BADGE

Name	Date of Birth
Address	Place of Birth
Color of Hair	Color of Eyes
Height feet inches	Date Weight Pounds
" " " "	" " " "
" " " "	" " " "

Distinguishing Facial Marks

Permit Granted 191 ,

Re-issued 191 ,

" " 191 ,

Badge returned 191 ,

District Superintendent.

Application for Newsboy's Permit

"Now, Joseph," said the principal, "you tell your father to fill in the spaces under the words *Statement of Parents*. When that is filled in, come back to me. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, thank you, I understand," said Joseph.

Joseph took home the application blank and when his father returned from work, Joseph said: "See, father, this is the blank which you must fill out for the principal."

Joseph showed his father the spaces to be filled in and when next day came, Joseph returned to the principal.

"All right," said the principal when he saw the card.

"Now after I have filled in this part, you will take it to the district superintendent."

The clerk in the office of the district superintendent looked over the blank. When he had finished asking Joseph many questions, he filled in the remaining spaces in the application.

"Young man," said the clerk, "here is the badge. It is numbered. You must now sign both the badge and the application."

Joseph wrote his name down as the clerk told him.

"Before you leave," said the clerk, "I wish to tell you that this badge is good for one year. Next year you must come back with this old badge and I will give you a new one. This badge must always be worn where it can be seen. You are allowed to sell papers until ten o'clock at night. If you do not have the badge, you are liable to be arrested and sent to a reform school. So be very careful."

"Yes, I will be very careful," said Joseph as he received his new badge.

Every afternoon when school was over for the day, Joseph would go forth with a bundle of papers under his arm. He felt like a big man now that he could stand on the corner and sell the evening papers. The people who passed by, when they heard his cheery voice calling out "Papers! papers!" would stop and buy a paper from Joseph. Thus Joseph became a newsboy and helped his father to earn money.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity,
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it, forever,
From all eyes is hid.

Here he hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Thomas Carlyle

JOSEPH GETS HIS WORKING-PAPERS

FOR three years Joseph had studied very hard at his lessons and had been promoted many times. He desired very much to be in the highest class and to receive a diploma at graduation.

But when Joseph was fourteen years old, his father took sick. For many weeks he was ill in bed, and the little money which he had saved was nearly all gone.

Joseph's mother was very sad. "Mother," said Joseph, "don't cry. I know what I shall do! Let me leave school and go to work. There, won't that be fine? I can earn lots of money."

"Oh! Joe, I did wish you to graduate but we are so poor!" said Joseph's mother.

"I, too, wished to graduate but I can go to night-school," answered Joseph. "I will talk to my teacher about it tomorrow."

When Joseph went to school the next day, he said to his teacher: "Miss Jones, I cannot come to school any more. My father is ill and I must go to work."

"I am very sorry," said Miss Jones, "I wish that you could stay. You are a brave little man to help your parents when they are in trouble. But you will need working-papers."

"Shall I?" asked Joseph in surprise.

“ Oh, yes,” said Miss Jones. “ You see there are three very strict laws which must be obeyed. They are the Child-Labor Law, the Compulsory-Education Law, and the Factory-Inspection Law. Perhaps I should explain them to you.

“ The Child-Labor Law says that no child under the age of fourteen years shall be employed in any factory in this state. Besides, no child between the ages of fourteen and sixteen shall be employed unless the employer has a certificate stating that the child is of proper age and has received permission to work. That is the Child-Labor Law.

“ The Compulsory-Education Law says that every healthy child between eight and sixteen shall regularly attend school; or, if he leaves to go to work, he must get a certificate and also attend night-school. If these laws are not obeyed, the truant-officer or the factory-inspector will bring trouble to those who violate them.

“ Now, you see, you will need your working-papers or certificate before any man will employ you. This certificate which allows you to leave school is granted by the Board of Health. You will need to go with your mother to the Board of Health and take with you your birth-certificate and your school-record.

“ The principal will give you your school-record. This record must show that you attended school for not less than one hundred and thirty days during the year before you were fourteen. It will also state that you can read and write and have learned some spelling and arithmetic. So you see the law is very strict. If any one breaks these

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH, THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Borough of.....

Date.....191

I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT

.....
residing at....., in the
City of New York has attended—

P. S.Borough.....days.....
Principal.

.....Borough.....days.....
Principal.

An aggregate of.....days during the twelve months next
preceding his fourteenth birthday, or during the twelve months next
preceding the date of this certificate; that said child is able to read
and write simple sentences in the English language and has received
instruction during such period in reading, spelling, writing, English
grammar and geography, and is familiar with the fundamental
operations of arithmetic up to and including fractions; and has
completed the work prescribed for the first six years of the above
named school, is in the.....grade and furthermore that
said child, according to the records of above named school, was
born on.....189 , and that its parent,
guardian, or custodian is.....

Principal.

Results of Academic Examination Conducted by District Superintendent.

Arithmetic.....Writing from dictation

English.....Oral reading.....
(Written composition).

(Signed).....

Date.....Principal, P. S.

PENAL LAW—ART. 120—SEC. 1275.

"Any person who knowingly makes a false statement in or in relation to
any application made for an employment certificate as to any matter required
by Articles 6 and 11 of the Labor Law to appear in any affidavit, record, trans-
cript, or certificate therein provided for, is guilty of a misdemeanor and upon
conviction shall be punished for a first offense by a fine of not less than twenty
nor more than fifty dollars; for a second offense by a fine of not less than fifty
nor more than two hundred and fifty dollars, or by imprisonment for not more
than thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment; for a third offense
by a fine of not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or by imprisonment
for not more than sixty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

Note.—This is a certificate of school attendance only. A PERMIT TO WORK
MUST BE OBTAINED FROM THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

A school certificate must not be issued to any child under fourteen years of
age, or in any grade lower than 7 A (seventh year, first half).

Application for Working Papers.

laws, he is severely punished. You should go to the principal now and he will give you your record."

Joseph went to the principal's office and the clerk there made out his school-record which contained all the things Miss Jones said were necessary.

The next day Joseph's mother took him to the Board of Health office. "Have you got your birth-certificate and school-record?" asked the doctor there.

"Yes, sir, here they are," said Joseph.

The doctor then filled out a blank.

When Joseph's mother signed the application, the doctor gave it to Joseph and said: "Now, young man, you may go to work."

Eagerly Joseph sought for a position in which to begin work. One day, soon afterwards, he saw a sign "Boy Wanted," on the door of a building downtown.

"Please, sir," said Joseph to the man in charge. "I would like to work here."

"How old are you?" asked the man.

"I am fourteen," said Joseph.

"Have you got your working-papers?" questioned the man.

When Joseph gave the man his working-certificate, the man said: "All right, you will do. Come to-morrow at eight o'clock."

Joseph hurried home to tell the good news to his parents. They were very glad.

"Now I can help you," said Joseph, "and I will go to

night-school and learn many more things. Then I will get a better position."

Just being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue.
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.

JOSEPH VISITS THE COURT.

“JOSEPH, did you hear that little Rudolph was arrested?” asked Joseph’s mother one evening.

“No, mother, I did n’t,” said Joseph.

“He was arrested to-day for playing truant from school,” said Joseph’s mother.

“That is too bad,” answered Joseph. “I do not have to go to work to-morrow so I think I will go to the court to see how Rudolph is tried.”

Early the next morning Joseph hastened to the courtroom. It was in a large building, and over the door was a sign which said “Children’s Court.” This court is held for children who are to be tried for breaking the law.

As Joseph entered the wide room, he saw many people sitting about on the benches while an officer in a blue uniform was walking up and down. Before a large desk sat the judge who wore a black gown. Beside him was a smaller desk and here sat the clerk of the court. It is the duty of the clerk to keep a record of all the cases which are tried. He also administers the oath to the witness who swears “to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.”

Off to the side, Joseph saw twelve chairs arranged on a platform. This is called the jury-box and it is here that the jury sits during the trial. It is their duty to decide whether the accused person is guilty or is not guilty. But

in the Children's Court there is no need for a jury, as the judge decides the cases.

The witness-chair was placed between the judge and the jury, and it is here that the witness sits to tell what he knows about the case. Before he testifies he must swear to tell the truth. If he does not tell the truth, he commits a serious offense which is called perjury. Nearby there was a stenographer who took notes of everything that was said in court.

Joseph sat down on one of the benches outside the rail which divides the court-room. As he sat there, a court officer cried out "Officer O'Brien against Rudolph Cohen." From a room nearby, Rudolph was brought before the judge by the officer who had arrested him.

"What is the charge, officer?" asked the judge.

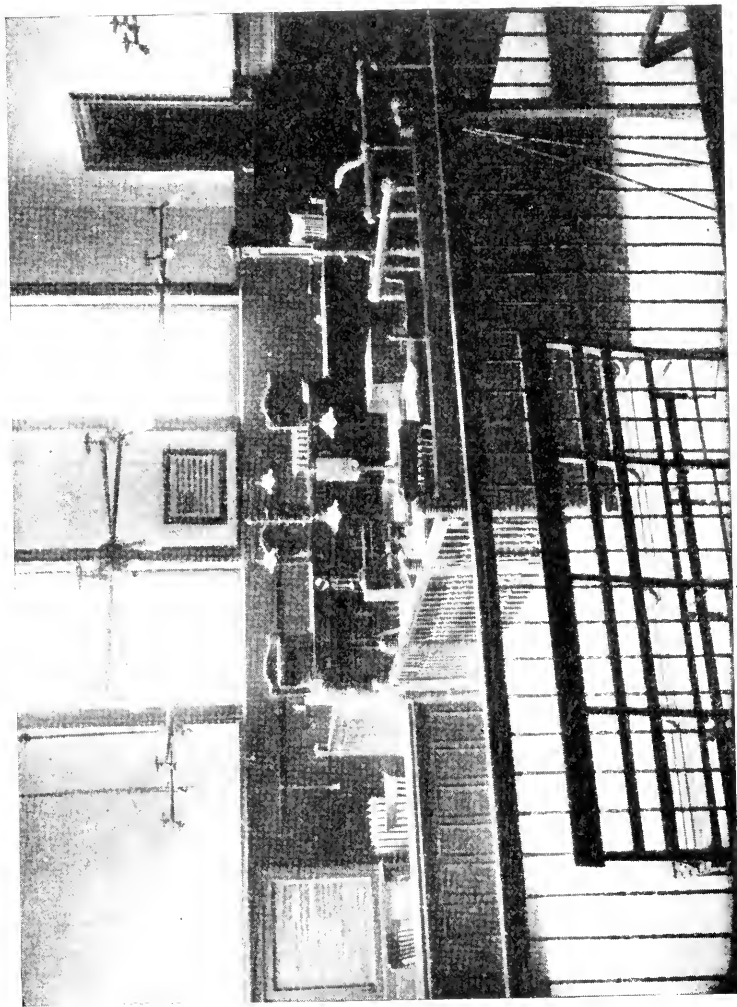
"Habitual truant, your Honor," answered the officer.

"Have you the record?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your Honor, the district superintendent has provided me with this boy's record. Here it is," answered the truant officer.

The judge read over the papers which were handed to him. After he had finished, he looked down at Rudolph very seriously.

"Rudolph," said the judge, "you have a bad record. You are a truant from school. Don't you know that you should go to school? How can you become a useful citizen if you play truant? I see that you were arrested before and that you were allowed by the judge to go on parole. This means that you had to report to the probation-officer



From a photograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood
The Children's Court, New York City

once a week to show that you are attending school regularly. You have broken your parole. Now this is very serious, Rudolph. Therefore the court sentences you to spend one year in the Truant School.

When the judge had finished, Rudolph cried very hard for he did not wish to go to the Truant School. He would have to leave his parents and eat and sleep and study in the Truant School. Besides, too, he would have to do tasks in manual training. But it was now too late to promise to go to school. The officer waited until his papers were signed and Rudolph was led away. Then the next case was called.

Joseph felt sorry for Rudolph, but he knew that unless boys attend school regularly they will be bad citizens. Truants always get into bad company and learn bad habits. He waited to see other boys and even some girls come before the judge. Some had stolen small sums of money; some had played truant, like Rudolph; and some had been fighting. All were tried by the judge, who spoke very seriously to each one.

"Dear me!" said Joseph's mother when he told her about what he had seen. "It does pay to be good. Wicked people are always punished."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleam-
ing;

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly stream-
ing!

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there;

Oh! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'T is the star-spangled banner, and long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

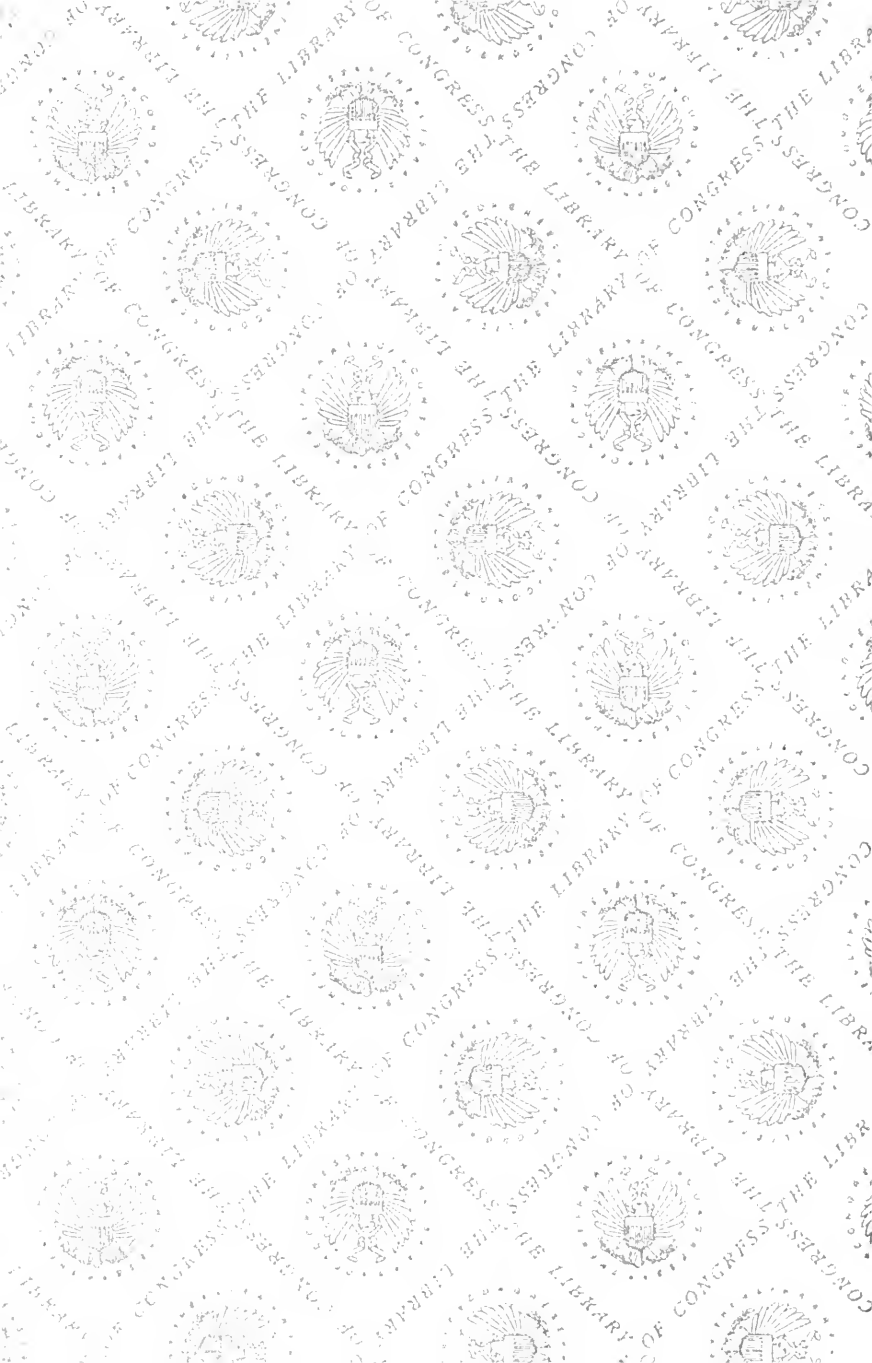
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Francis Scott Key





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